



1901

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VOL. III.

THE TATLER





1901

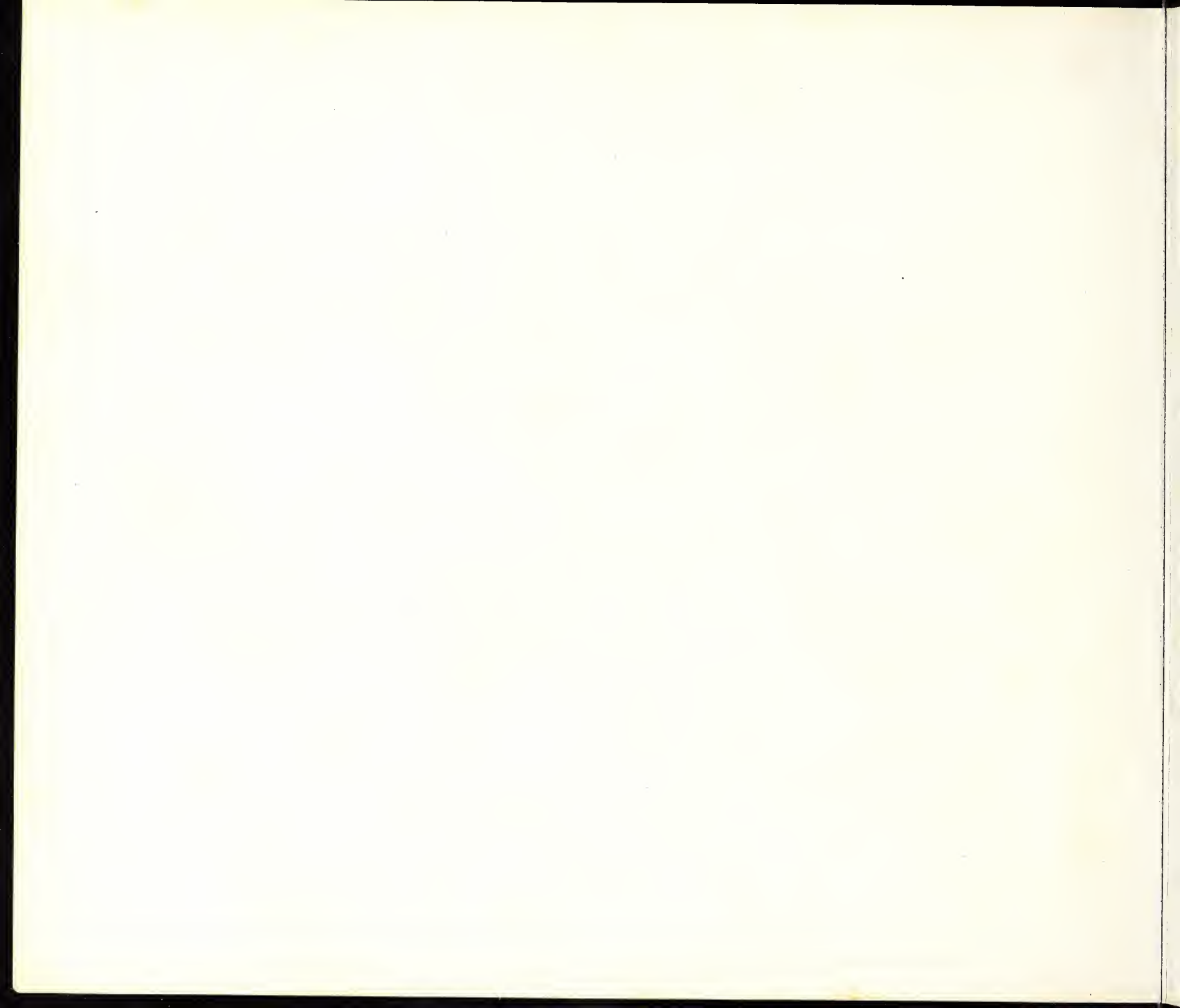
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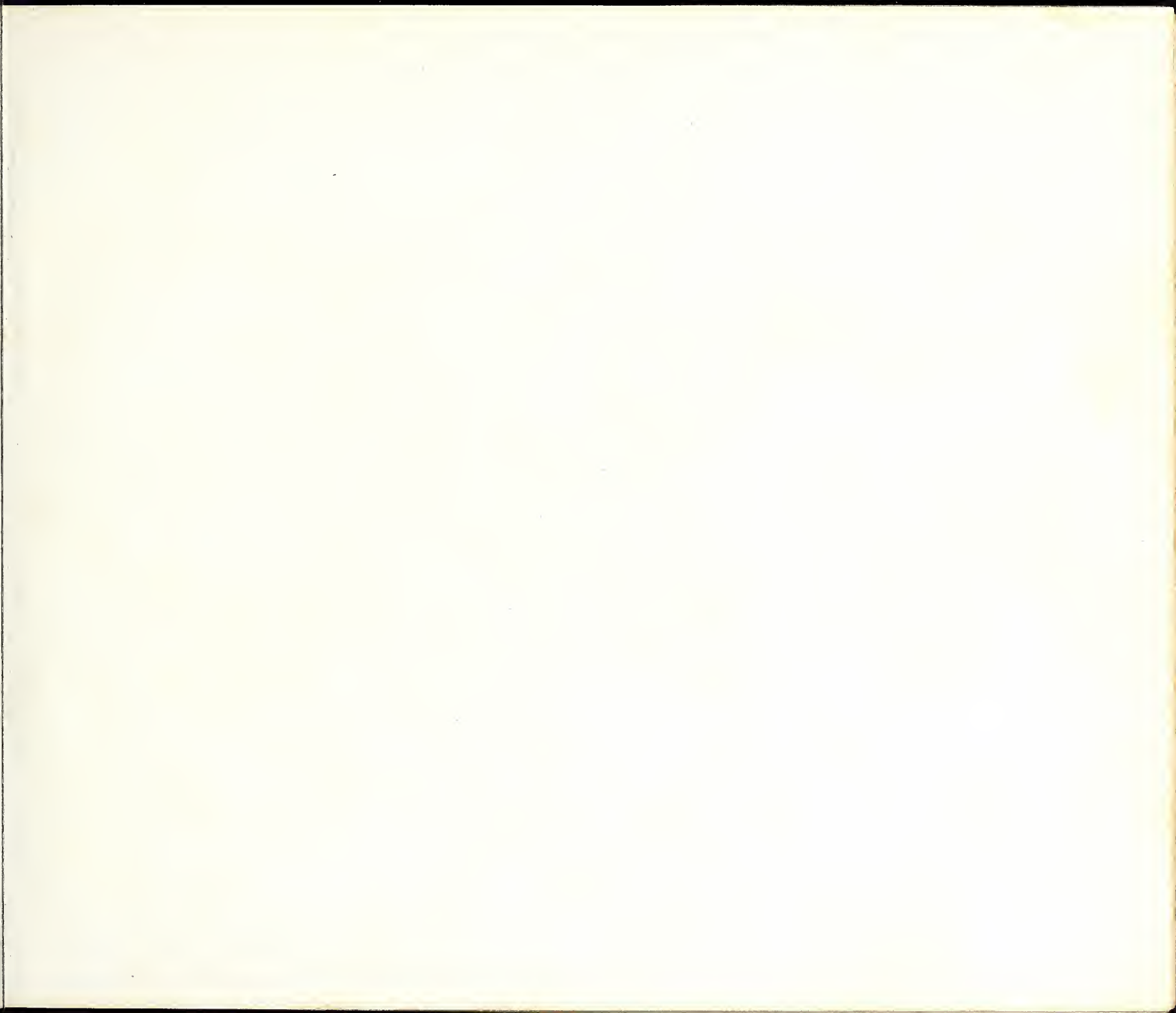
Iweddie G. Durst, 1899

Greenwood,

S. S.

Gift from Mrs. Durst's roommate, Lulu Bignalliat
(now Mrs. J. D. Norton)
class '03







THE TATLER

VOLUME III



MDCCCCI

PUBLISHED BY THE WINTHROP AND CURRY LITERARY SOCIETIES OF WINTHROP
NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁



This book is published in the
Shop of THE R. L. BRYAN
COMPANY, in the year of our
Lord MDCCCXI in the Masonic
Temple, in Columbia, South
Carolina.





TO DR. J. L. M. CURRY

Scholar, Statesman, Philanthropist

In acknowledgment of our respect, admiration and love

THE TATLER

of 1901 is affectionately dedicated

Mary Sawyer



Table of Contents

Dr. J. L. M. Curry	2	The Story of the Freshman Class	42
Dedication	3	The Special Class	43, 44
Greeting	7	History of Special Class	45-47
College Buildings	9	Sub-Freshman Class	49
Winthrop Training School	10	South Carolina Authors	50-65
Winthrop Normal and Industrial College	11	The Auditorium	66
Staff of Editors	12, 13	In Memoriam—Blanche Thompson	67
Board of Trustees	14	In Memoriam—Sadie Waters	68
President Johnson	15	In Memoriam—Florence Beatrice Loryea	69
The Faculty	16-19	Y. W. C. A.	70, 71
Senior Class	20	A Reminiscence	72-74
President of the Senior Class	21	Literary Societies	75
The Seniors	22-25	Curry Literary Society	77, 78
History of the Class of '01	26	Section of Curry Literary Society Hall	79
Class Poem	27	History of Curry Literary Society	81
Song of "Naughty One"	28	Winthrop Literary Society	82-84
Junior Class	29, 30	Section of Winthrop Literary Society Hall	85
History of the Class of '02	32, 33	History of Winthrop Literary Society	87
Sophomore Class	34, 35	Cecilia Chorus	88, 89
The Sophomores	36	Editors at Work	90, 91
History of the Class of '03	37	Winthrop College Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy	92
Freshman Class	38-40	Tables Turned	93-96
The Freshmen	41	Kindergarten Department	97, 98

College Marshals	99	Thermometry	115
Tennis Club	100	Development of State Education in South Carolina . .	116, 117
Thalia German Club	101	Bowling Alley	118
The Terpsichoreans	102	In Jocund Strain	119-131
Snap Shots	103	Thanks to Artists	132
Old Lion	105-109	A Sonnet	133
Athletics	110	Advertisements	135
Statistics	111, 112	Thanks to Advertisers	137
College Interiors	113		





Greetings.





Winthrop Training School

THE beginning of Winthrop Normal and Industrial College was the Winthrop Training School for Teachers, opened in Columbia, November 15, 1886.

The Commissioners of the city schools of Columbia, having long felt a need for trained teachers, authorized Prof. D. B. Johnson, then Superintendent of the schools, to go North in the summer of 1886 and solicit an appropriation from the Peabody Fund. Through the influence of the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop, the sum of \$1,500 annually (later increased to \$2,000) was granted.

The school, named in honor of Mr. Winthrop on account of his active interest in education in the South, opened in the chapel of the Columbia Theological Seminary with twenty-one students, fourteen of whom finished the course the following spring. In this one room, with one small blackboard, Prof. Johnson and his

assistants, Miss M. H. Leonard and Mrs. T. C. Robertson, taught during the whole of the first year. In the second term of this year a model school was added.

For the session of 1887-88, the school opened in its own building, and in 1888, the first dormitory was used. During this session, the Legislature appropriated \$5,100 for one scholarship in each county.

The year 1888 witnessed also the beginning of the Industrial Department; but it was not until 1891 that this department was completed, and the school was made a full State institution under its present name and under its first and only President, Mr. Johnson.

The College was moved to Rock Hill in 1895; and the prophecy of one of its first trustees, that "the noble work inaugurated would rapidly grow in usefulness, and the day was not far when the Winthrop Teacher's Training School would extend its beneficial influence throughout the schools of the State," has been fulfilled.

Winthrop Normal and Industrial College

IN 1890, upon the recommendation of Gov. B. R. Tillman, the Winthrop Training School was adopted by the State and made a full State institution, being changed to Winthrop Normal and Industrial College. Gov. Tillman appointed a commission to visit normal and industrial colleges in other States and report on the practicability of establishing such an institution in South Carolina. This commission, composed of Mr. D. B. Johnson, Miss Mary L. Yeargin and Miss Hannah Hemphill, made a favorable report and submitted plans for the new institution.

A Board of Trustees was formed, consisting of the Governor of the State, the Superintendent of Education, the Chairman of the Committee on Education in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and seven others elected by the Legislature.

After a spirited competition by many of the leading towns in the State, Rock Hill was chosen for the home of the institution. Work was begun on the buildings in 1893, and in the fall of 1895 the College doors were thrown open to South Carolina's daughters.

The main building is a large, handsome structure, containing recitation rooms, offices, parlors, an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,200, a large gymna-

sium, and a library with more than 4,500 volumes. The main building is connected with the dormitory by a covered way. At the end of the dormitory, and joined to it by a covered passage, is the infirmary. All the buildings are heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

Each fall a large number of applicants have been denied admittance to the College because of the limited dormitory accommodations. The necessity for more room was recognized by the Legislature, and in 1898 an appropriation was made for the erection of a dormitory on the south side of the main building. This new dormitory will be completed before September.

There are three courses of study: the normal, the scientific and the literary. Each student is required to take one industrial study. Instruction is given in cooking, horticulture, floriculture, dairying, free-hand and industrial drawing, millinery, dressmaking, stenography and typewriting and book-keeping.

It is impossible to tell in a few words all the advantages which Winthrop College offers to her students. We most cordially invite all of our readers to come and see for themselves the noble work which the College is doing.



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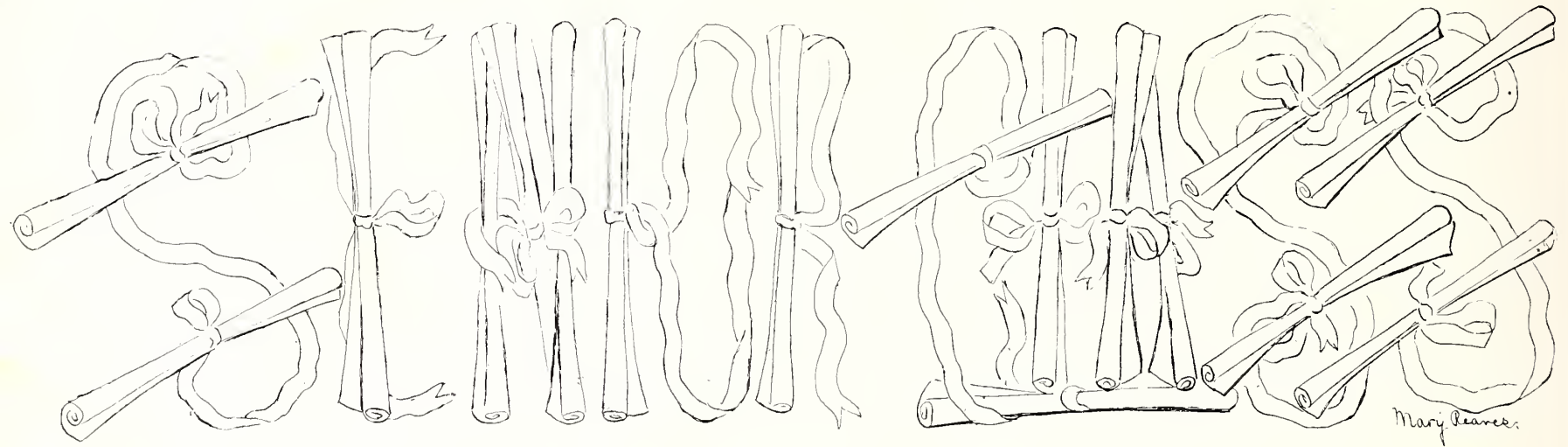
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MOTTO : She Who Strives Conquers

COLORS: Pearl Gray and Crimson

FLOWER : Red Rose

CLASS YELL : Zoo-ika, zoo-aka, zoo-ika, zoo-zun
We are the Seniors of 19 and 1



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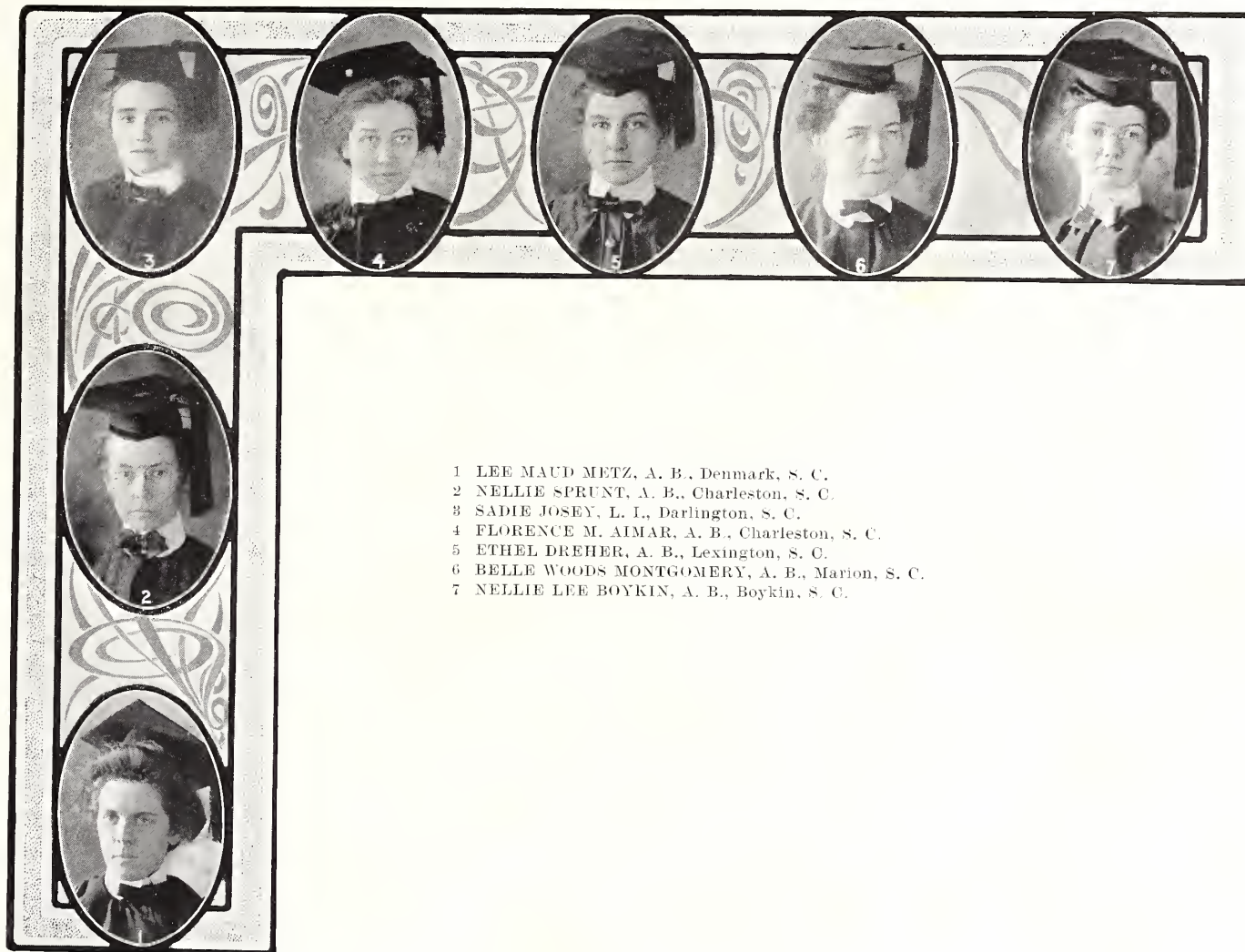
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History of the Class of '01

IN the last year of the closing century, when the life of the year was beginning to ebb, and even the sun, in his journey, was joining in the general decline, a crowd of weary travelers entered the Gates of Learning.

Stately halls, soon to be filled with eager, intense life, rose before them; and their hearts were lifted upward in imitation, as it were, of the towering buildings.

The first days spent within these Gates seem now as the far-away and well-nigh forgotten Past, or as a dream, or as some vision which flits through the mind and is gone.

Within a few days, however, a task was allotted each one—the same for all—to erect a building; how well,

and with what adornments, lay in the hands and hearts of the builders themselves.

For the first two years, they labored hard, laying the foundations; with now and then a period of rest and enjoyment.

But *then* the drudgery was over; the work began to be more enjoyable; the workers were better able to see the results of their toil; for the next years were spent in raising the superstructure.

At the end of the fourth year, the buildings were all finished. The tools were laid aside for a time, only to be taken up again soon on more magnificent structures. And when at last these shall be finished, each laborer intends to write above the door, and hopes to feel in her heart, "She Who Strives Conquers."

CLASS POEM.

Four years we've been together here;
But hastens on the time to part,
And sad will be each loving heart,
For each to each has grown most dear.

Four happy years these years have been,
Though duties crowded all the time—
Work does but bless in every clime
Those who some noble end would win.

Four years in preparation here;
Now out into the world we go—
What we shall meet we may not know,
But know that ignorance is there.

A dark cloud that we can dispel
To some extent, else—sad the thought—
Our four years here to us have brought
No lasting good that one can tell.

As from the sun pour forth the rays
To make it light where once 'twas dark,
Can we not each bear hence a spark
From Winthrop's beaming beacon blaze?

Sparks that shall glow and grow more bright,
As others kindle here and there,
Till clouds are banished every where,
And every place is filled with light.

With light and genial warmth to cheer,
From our sad world to drive the gloom,
Make Eden's flowers again to bloom
As once they did when heaven was near.

When heaven was near—Ah, blessed thought,
Heaven to us will aye be near,
If we count not ourselves too dear,
But love and serve as Jesus taught.



In every household you will find
 One full of life and fun;
 They call her, though she tries to mind,
 "The Minx," "The Naughty One."

Oh, it is bad to naughty be
 Or naughty to be styled;
 Just say a child is naughty, she
 Will be a naughty child.

If this is true of every one,
 Then of a class it's true;
 When others say we've wrongly done,
 Why, wrongly we will do.

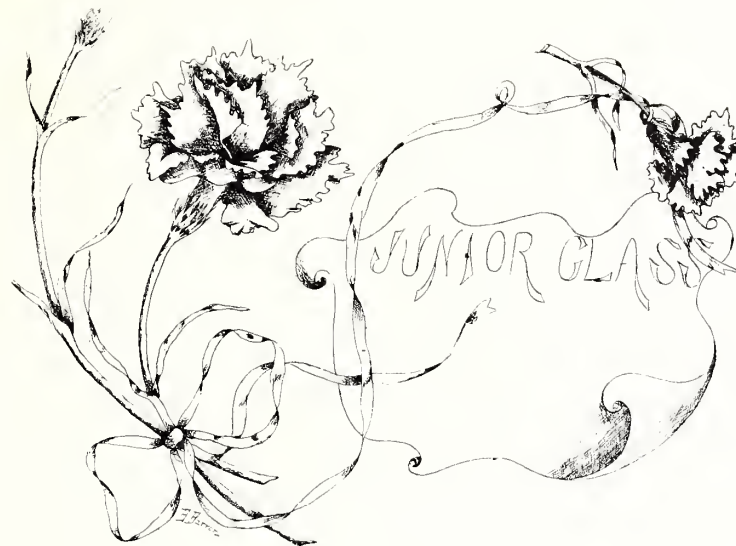
No other class has ever been,
 Since Winthrop was begun,
 Accused outright as Satan's kin
 Or called "The Naughty One."

Of all the classes that have been
 At Winthrop, none have done
 More mischief or less subtle sin
 Than ours, "The Naughty One."

Repent we do not of our fun
 Nor grieve that we were caught;
 We'd rather be the "Naughty One"
 Than be the naughty naught.

And why should we feel hurt or sad?
 Here's cheer for me and you:
 The next year's class will be as bad,
 It will be "Naughty Two."

This decade all will naughty be,
 Since naughty has begun;
 After next year comes Naughty Three,
 But we're "*The Naughty One*."



MOTTO : Palma non sine pulvere

COLORS : Silver Grey and Crimson

FLOWER : Carnation

YELL : Ching-a-lack-a
Ching-a-lack-a
Chee, chow, choo
We'll leave Winthrop in 1902 !

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JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

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BESSIE ALEXANDER
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IDA VERDIER
FRANCIS WHITMIRE
ETHEL WILLIS
MILLEDGE WILSON

The picture of the Junior Class
could not be obtained in time for
publication.

THE EDITORS.

History of the Class of '02

OH Time, turn backward in your flight and give us a glimpse of a festive and brilliant scene within the halls and parlors of Winthrop's Main Building, early in the fall of '98, for gathered here were the wit and beauty of South Carolina's noble daughters.

Some of these had labored here for several years, striving to make their lives better and brighter, while others had left their happy homes for the first year at College, only a few days before. These girls banded together to form the Freshman Class, and were destined to follow the "Naughty Ones" and to be "Naughty Two."

When happy little Freshmen, we cared little for study—most of our time, we regret to say, was wasted in wishing we were Seniors. Among our pleasant recollections are the picnic at Cherokee Falls, and the Receptions at which we always looked forward to seeing *some one* who never arrived. But the year soon passed and we were proud Sophomores.

Our labors during the first few months were cheered by the thought of going home Christmas, for we deter-

mined that if prayers or tears could prevail we would enjoy that pleasure. But

" 'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

The Board of Trustees, who were to decide our fate, came. We wept as they left, not because of their leaving, but because they had ever come. Nevertheless, as is characteristic of Winthrop girls, we made the best of circumstances and began our preparations for a jolly Christmas.

Time passed swiftly, and brought the day of our annual picnic. To those of us who had never witnessed the grandeur of mountain scenery this was a rare treat, for we spent a day breathing the bracing air of the mountain tops of North Carolina. It was an ideal day to all, and will long be remembered by everyone, especially those who slipped every step up the mountain.

All we learn at Winthrop is not from books, for we learn from nature as well. Did we not gain a necessary part of a "liberal education" by witnessing that rare phenomenon—the total eclipse of the sun?

Soon Commencement came, bringing its sorrow and

joy; sorrow at parting with dear friends, joy at thought of home.

All too soon our duties called us back to our old life at Winthrop, and we came not as before, but wearing the dignity of Juniors.

After the usual call at D. B.'s office and the Y. W. C. A. Reception, we settled slowly down to our work.

The day at the State Fair will ever be a memorable one to all who availed themselves of the opportunity to visit our State Capital. Many a glad heart was lightened for weeks by that short day spent with loved ones. Those of our class who were not so fortunate as to have a brother present were enabled by their knowledge of Solid Geometry to "construct" one for the occasion.

Examinations always fill us with dark forebodings,

so we were glad when two terms of our Junior year had passed.

The one social event of the College life of a Winthrop girl is the Junior Reception. It is indeed an event. It is sufficient to say that the one given by the Class of '02 to the "Naughty Ones" was a decided success. All the members of the Faculty were there, and added much to our pleasure.

The last term examinations were over; good-byes were being said; and in passing from staid and sedate Juniors to dignified Seniors we were reminded of our motto, "*Palma non sine pulvere.*"





SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO: *Altiora petimus*

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

CLASS YELL: *Vivela, vivela, vivela, ve*
We'll be the Seniors 1903!

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HISTORIAN, OLIVE NEWTON

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

DAISY ALLEN
ELISE BAMBERG
ELIZABETH BARRON
MAMIE BARTON
KATE BETHUNE
FLORENCE BROWN
GERTRUDE BROWN
MARY BURNET
ROSA LEE BURTON
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RHEA DALLAS
LAVALETTE DUPUY
EDITH DUVAL
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LAURA FORD
EDNA FOSTER
OLIVE GAINES
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PEARL HARLING
WILLIE HARDIN
JULIA HARVEY
HARRIET HAYNE
SOPHIA HAY
EDNA HEALAN
ANSIE HOLMAN
MAUD HOUSER
BERTHA JACOBS
DAISY JONES
ANNIE KEELS
CHARLOTTE KING
KEMPPIE KNIGHT
NELLIE LATHROP
MARGARET LECKIE
BELLE LOFTON
MAUD MARTIN
LOUISE McMASTER
IZORA MILEY
ARMIDA MOSES
LOIS NEEL

OLIVE NEWTON
MARY PEGUES
IDA PENNEY
CHARLOTTE PORCHER
BERTHA PORTER
LEILA RHAME
DAISY RILEY
BESSIE ROGERS
EUNICE RUSSELL
LILLIE SADLER
MARY GREY SANDIFER
ELEANOR SAUNDERS
BESSIE SHURLEY
CHRISTINE SOUTH
LILA TEW
BERTHA ULMER
ADDIE WELLS
SARAH WHITE
CLAIRE WINGO
SUSIE YARBOROUGH
BEULAH ZEIGLER
MAY ZEIGLER



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Class of '03

IN the month of September of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, a band of maidens, strangely named Freshmen, were gathered within Winthrop's halls; in the month of September of the year nineteen hundred, this same band of maidens again crossed Winthrop's threshold, but they were no longer Freshmen; by some invisible means their names were changed to Sophomores.

As Sophomores we feel that we are in the transitory period of College life. We are fast losing the childishness of our Freshman days, and, whether we will it or no, some of the Junior dignity, which will be wholly ours next year, falls upon our shoulders.

Our work has been varied, therefore interesting. In science we have had a peep into the mysteries of vegetable and animal life. In the languages some of us have learned to pronounce according to the French

standard; others according to that of Germany, and a few have been made to see the beauty of ancient Latin. Our mother tongue has not been neglected. We have parsed, analyzed, written essays, and learned to know our best writers. Algebra and Geometry have proved excellent disciplinarians for our minds. Indeed, our beloved teacher of Mathematics said of us: "I am convinced that the Sophomores are able to solve the problem of life."

We have had many pleasures, some real joys, and a few difficulties and trials, but aided by our kind teachers and that feeling of confidence in our abilities which is said to be the chief characteristic of Sophomores, we have risen above all obstacles, and have endeavored to make our lives express our motto: "We strive for higher things."

OLIVE NEWTON, HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS

MOTTO: Gradatim

COLORS: Purple and White

FLOWER: Violet

YELL: Ra! Ra! Re! Who are we?
 Freshmen! Freshmen! Can't you see!
 Ha! Ha! Ho! Don't you know?
 We'll be through in 1904!

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT, BERTHA FRANCES REAVES
 VICE-PRESIDENT, JULIA ANDERSON
 SECRETARY, BESSIE BARNET
 TREASURER, DORCAS CALMES
 HISTORIAN, ANNIE O'BRYAN

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

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JULIA ANDERSON
BEULAH BALLENGER
BESSIE BARNETT
LOUISE BASKIN
MARGARET BLAINE
MAGGIE BLACK
MYRTLE BLANKENSHIP
FLORENCE BOYD
ESTHER BOYD
CARRIE LEE BUFORD
CAROLINE CAIN
DORCAS CALMES
MAY CHAPLIN
ROSA CHEWNING
JANIE CLAYTON
WATS CLAYTON
ESTELLE COLEMAN
MAMIE CONNOR
VIRGINIA CONNOR
SAIDEE CUNNINGHAM

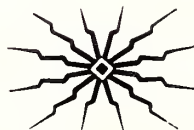
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MATTIE DANTZLER
HARRIET ERVIN
JEAN ERVIN
TYSON ENGLISH
SELDEN EPPS
JUDDY FANNING
CORINE FARIS
PEARL FELDER
JOSIE FEWELL
LIZZIE FORNEY
ETHEL GASTON
MINNIE GARRISON
ROSA GOLDSMITH
MARGARET GIBSON
ROSA GRIM
LEONA GREENE
MINNIE GREENE
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NINA HANKINSON
LEILA HEPBURN

ESTHER HOUGH
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CAROLINE RENNEKER
SADIE REYNOLDS
MAUD ROGERS
MAMIE ROWELL
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ANTONIA SMITH

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ALLIE VAUGHAN
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ANNIE WIGHTMAN
LUCILE WITHERS
PEARL YOUMANS
LOUISE YOUNG





FRESHMAN CLASS

The Story of the Freshman Class

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful princess, named Education. This princess dwelt in a large castle, where she was visited by all young girls who wished to discover the secrets of which she was mistress. Every year four hundred maidens journeyed to this old castle; and, as I was of the required age, I, too, went.

We were met in the court yard by a great man, who was evidently the king of the castle, for he was dressed in a long robe. After making us write our names on a large piece of parchment, he led us through a long, dark corridor to a small room, where a woman was giving out golden keys. The king cautioned us not to lose our keys, for we could accomplish nothing in that castle without them.

We then desired to meet the princess, but were told, to our horror, that we would first have to fight against the dragon Examination, which was kept in a labyrinth. What were we to do! We were entirely inexperienced in fighting such monsters. There was but

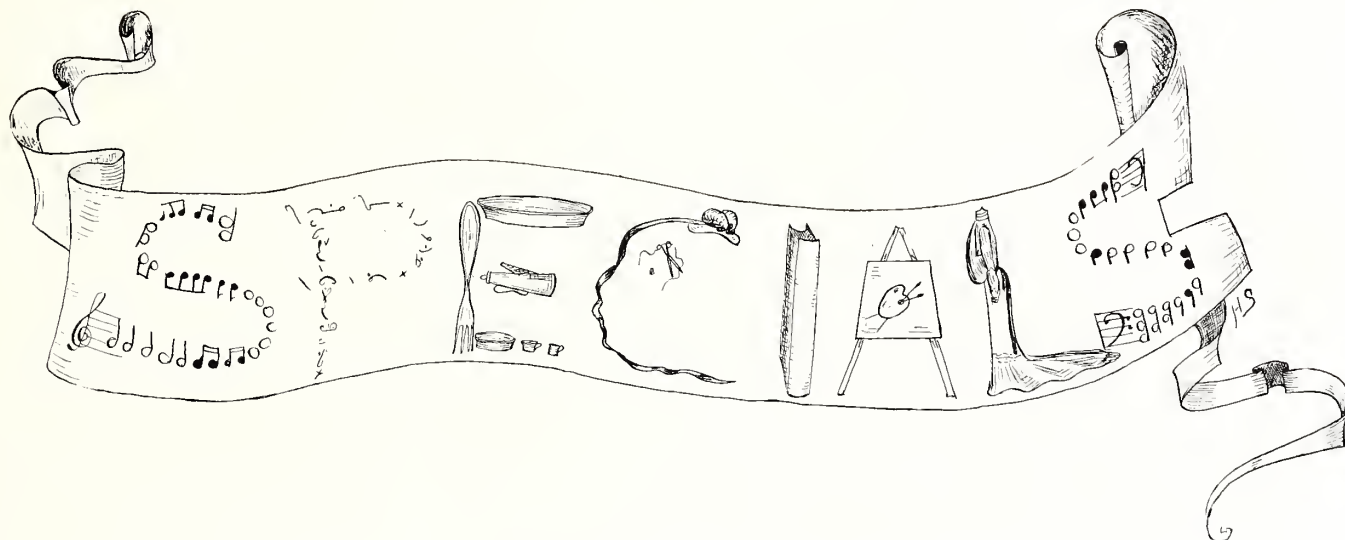
one way of conquering the dragon,—by entangling him in the threads of knowledge.

After many fears and forebodings of evil we entered the winding labyrinth, coming face to face with the dreaded monster. There was no time to think, we had to strike, come what might, and at once. We did strike, and well; indeed, we succeeded in entangling him in our wonderful threads of knowledge. But alas! and alack! our threads were too weak to withstand the strength of the dragon, and he soon extricated himself from our toils.

Seeing that we needed preparation and that our threads needed strengthening, we decided to leave the monster until we should be better able to cope with him. For the needed preparation we were put under the charge of a lovely maiden, who is still training us.

We are still spinning threads of knowledge, and by carefully weaving them together, shall soon have completed a mantle, clothed in which we shall then be able to subdue our old enemy, Examination, and go forth to battle against a greater dragon.

ANNE GAILLARD O'BRYAN.



THE SPECIAL CLASS

MOTTO : Chacune a son gout

COLOR : Heliotrope

FLOWER : Heliotrope

YELL : Boon-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a,

Bow-wow-wow;

Ching-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a,

Chow-chow-chow;

Boom-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a,

Who are we?

Who are Specials?

We! We! We!

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GERTRUDE ALL
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JANIE BLACK
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REBEKAH BRICE
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DAISY JETER
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META JONES
HONORA L. LANG
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ALICE WILLIAMS

History of Special Class

IN the gloaming of a quiet evening during Indian Summer, a time so conducive to reflection, I was lying alone in my hammock on an airy veranda. Under the gentle influences of the surroundings, I fell into that blissful condition that precedes sleep, in which the senses become unreceptive to outward influences; my spirit seemed to lose its usual relations to things corporeal, and to become a thing apart, an inhabitant of the Unknown and Invisible.

Of all my experiences in this other world a shadowy outline only remains. Before this faint remembrance vanishes entirely, let me try to give it form.

I seemed to be floating in illimitable space, peopled by ethereal forms of exquisite beauty, amidst scenes of unsurpassed grandeur.

These airy beings were either flitting here and there, or gathered in separate groups, engaged in light conversation or in earnest discussion. Prompted by curiosity to hear what topic employed the time of such benignant-looking beings, I approached one of the most attractive of these small assemblages. Their serious converse was enlivened by occasional sallies of mirth, thus rendering their talk amusing as well as instructive.

To my surprise, I heard remarks which plainly showed that the Welfare of Woman was being considered, and that they were the guardian deities of mundane sisters.

Each in her turn was advocating some "Special" means to be employed in perfecting our womanhood.

"What," said the first speaker, "is so essential to mortals as health? From it all good things come; the beauty of bodily proportion and symmetry, the '*sana mens in sano corpore*,' mental power and equilibrium, the capacity for application which is genius, the '*sine qua non*' of perfect motherhood. Therefore, I urge," said she, "the measures that promote health: fresh air, exercise, athletics, and the observance of hygienic laws."

She closed with the following appropriate quotation:

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,

When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

How tasteless then whatever can be given!

Health is the vital principle of bliss,

And exercise of health."

"I agree with you entirely," said the second speaker; "but in order to attain perfect health they must first

have perfect cooks. You know one of their poets has said:

'We may live without poetry, music, and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without
books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.'

So *I* shall insist on an education in 'Cooking.' "

"That is all right," said the next; "but equally important in a woman's life, and claiming a large part of her time, is the art of personal adornment. Even their greatest poet has thought the matter deserving his attention, and thus prescribes:

'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.'

And, *I* will add, *always* the woman. Let us then give her special instruction in 'Dress-making and Millinery.' "

Now one arose and in much stronger tones spoke for woman's independence. She argued that woman's mental capacity was equal to man's; that the business professions of the world should be open to her, and to fix her for these, business methods, such as "Book-keeping and Stenography," should be taught her.

"Allow her to make money," she said, "and be independent of man. As you all seem disposed to fortify your arguments with poetry, listen to this:

'As I sat at the cafe, I said to myself,
"They may talk as they please about what they call pelf;
They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho;
How pleasant it is to have money!"'

Space seemed to be filled with melody as another speaker began: "You are all too material, too gross. My province deals with the emotions. There we acknowledge kinship with our sisters below. Let us teach them music:

" 'Among the gifts that God has sent,
One of the most magnificent!
Music! soft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

The last to speak was the most beautiful of all. "I, too," said she, "make my appeal for the emotions, not for the ear, as she who has just spoken, but for the eye. I urge the claims or 'art,' of painting and sculpture, the means of making beautiful the abodes of man.

Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge; But Art, O Man, is thine alone!

Let us, therefore, give to our needy sisters all the help we can in this, man's own peculiar sphere.

'For art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God.'

She who presided now arose and addressed the

group. "I think," said she, "all your *Specials* are equally necessary, but unfortunately our feeble sisters have not the capacity to learn them all. Perhaps in the future woman may be so developed that she can do so, and then the *normal course* will be a complete course of instruction, and as a result we shall have

'A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.' "

At this point I was disturbed by some passing noise, and while in transit to a state of consciousness, these airy forms assumed a more earthly appearance, confused and indistinct resemblances to certain teachers at a certain college not a thousand miles hence.

The moral of this allegory "lies in the application of it."



The picture of the Special Class
could not be obtained in time for
publication.

THE EDITORS.



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

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HALLIE ROLLINS
CORNELIA SANDERS
ELEANOR SMITH
LUTIE WEATHERS.



An Attempt towards a Complete List of the Writers of South Carolina

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AIKEN, JAMES, Fairfield. 1812-1877.—Gems of Poetry.

ALSTON, ROBERT FRANCIS WITHERS. 1801-1864.—Memoir on Rice. Essay on Sea Coast Crops. Report on Public Schools.

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ARCHDALE, JOHN.—Description of Carolina.

AYER, LEWIS M., Barnwell. 1821-1895.—Infant Salvation.

BACHMAN, JOHN, Charleston. 1790-1874.—Quadrupeds of North America. Two Letters on Hybridity, 1850. Defense of Luther and the Reformation, 1853. Characteristics of Genera Species as Applicable to the Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race, 1854. Notice of the Types of Mankind by Nott and Gliddon, 1854. Examination of Prof. Agassiz's Sketch of the Animal World, 1855.

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- GLEN, JAMES.—Description of South Carolina, 1761.
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(Title not known.)
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1854.—Poems by a South Carolinian, 1848.
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Pro-Slavery Argument.
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War.
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sources and Population, Institutions and Indus-
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- HARBY, ISAAC, Charleston. 1788-1828.—Alexander
Severus. The Gordian Knot. Alberti.
- HARBY, MRS. LEE. 1849.—Christmas Before the War.
- HART, THOMAS, Darlington. 1845.—Robert Sanders
(novel).
- HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, Charleston. 1830-1886.—
Three volumes of his poems were published before
the war: in 1855, 1857 and 1860. In 1872 ap-
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with biography, of Timrod's poems; in 1875 The
Mountain of the Lovers; in 1882 complete edition
of poems. Hayne has also published sketches of
Robert Y. Hayne, and of Hugh S. Legare. His
son, William Hamilton Hayne, has published Syl-
van Lyrics.
- HAYNE, ROBERT Y., Charleston. 1791-1839.—Life and
Speeches of Robert Y. Hayne.

- HEWAT, ALEXANDER. 1745-1829.—Pastor of "Scotch Church" in Charleston. History of South Carolina and Charleston, 1779. Sermons, 1803.
- HILL, DAVID HARVEY. 1821-1889.—Elements of Algebra. Consideration of the Sermon on the Mount. The Crucifixion of Christ.
- HILLIARD, HENRY WASHINGTON. 1808-1892.—Roman Nights (trans.), 1848. Speeches and Addresses, 1855. De Vane, a Story of Plebeians and Patricians, 1865.
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- HOLBROOK, SILAS PINCKNEY, Beaufort. 1796-1835.—Sketches by a Traveler, 1834.
- HOLLAND, EDWARD CLIFFORD, Charleston. 1794-1824.—Odes, Naval Songs, and other Poems.
- HOLMES, FRANCIS S., Charleston.—Phosphate Rocks of South Carolina. Birds and Reptiles of Carolina.
- HOLMES, ISAAC EDWARD, Charleston. 1796-1867.—Recreations of George Taletell, 1822. Carolinien-sis (with Robert J. Turnbull), 1826.
- HORRY, PETER, Beaufort.—Life of Marion, 1824. The main facts for this volume were furnished by Gen. Horry to Mason Locke Weems (d. Beaufort, 1825), who treated the subject in a rather romantic style, thereby giving offense to Horry and all the friends of Marion. Weems was a traveling preacher and book agent, and is remembered chiefly as the author of "The Life of George Washington," in which was told, for the first time, the story of the cherry tree.
- HOWE, GEORGE. 1802-1883.—Theological Education. History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina, 1870.
- HOWE, BISHOP W. B. W.—Sermons, edited by Bishop Capers and others.
- HUNTER, MRS. FLORELLA.—Amie Oakley, or The Reign of the Carpet-bagger in South Carolina.
- IZARD, RALPH.—Correspondence of, from the year 1774 to 1804, with Memoir (by his daughter, Anne IZARD Deas).
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- JAMESON, DAVID F., Barnwell District. 1810-1860.—(President of Secession Convention.) Life and Adventures of Bertrand du Guesclin.
- JERVEY, MRS. CAROLINE HOWARD, Charleston. 1823-1877.—Vernon Grove. Helen Courtenay's Promise.
- JOHNSON, JOHN, Charleston. 1829.—The Defense of Charleston Harbor, 1890.
- JOHNSON, JOSEPH, Charleston. 1776-1862.—Traditions and Reminiscences Chiefly of the American Revolution in the South, 1851.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM BULLIEN, Charleston. 1782-1862. Memoir of Rev. Nathan P. Knapp. Edited Knapp's Select Sermons.

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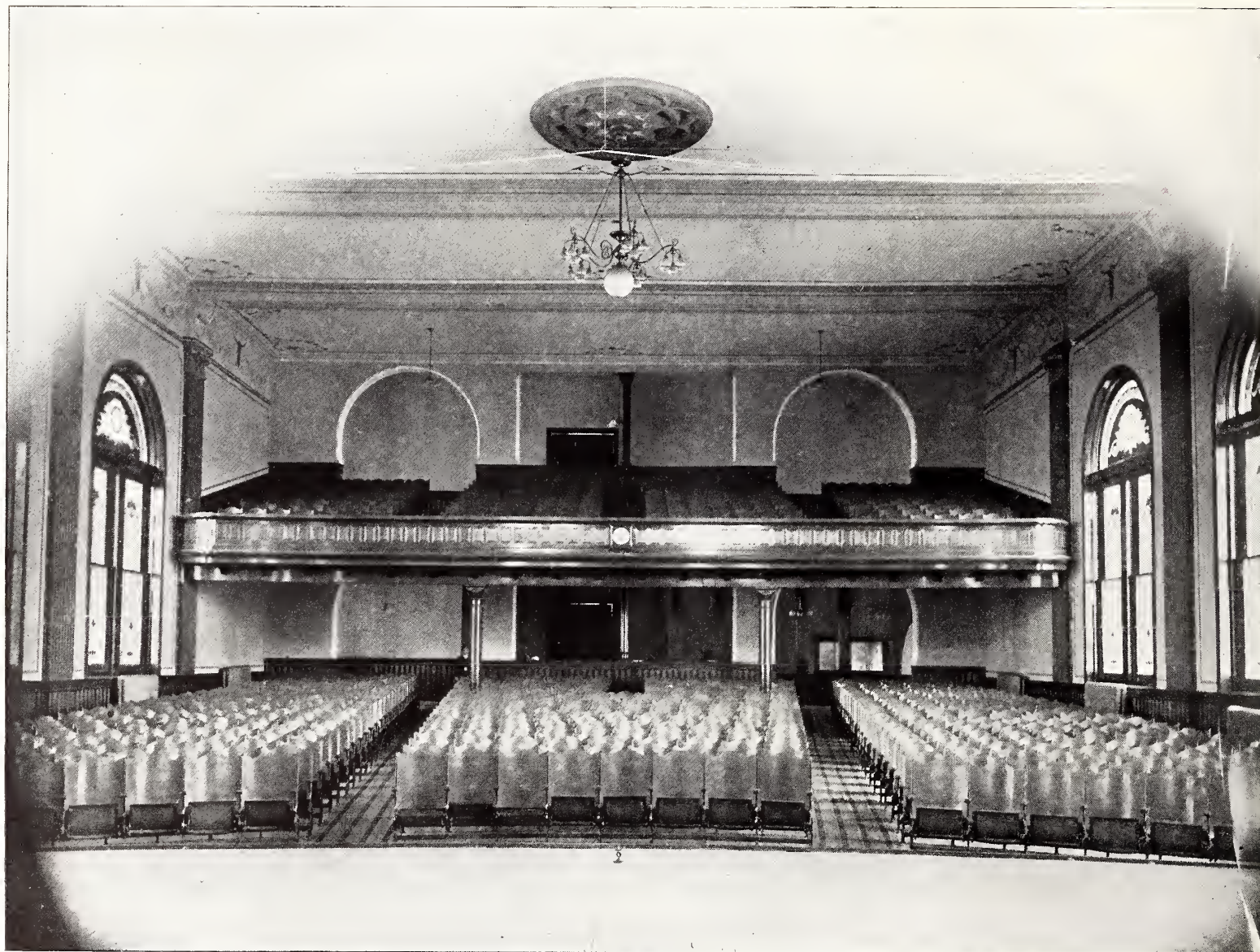
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[NOTE.—It has been the purpose of the editors to include in the above list the names of those writers only whose work has appeared as a separate publication. There are, of course, many errors, but it is hoped that in time the list may be made practically complete. There are many names that ought to be added. And many additional facts, such as date of birth and death, and titles of works, are to be added to those names already listed. Readers in possession of such facts are earnestly requested to send them to the Editors of THE TATLER, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C.]



AUDITORIUM

TO THE MEMORY OF
BLANCHE THOMPSON

Born June 21, 1884
Died October 28, 1900

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

—*Longfellow.*

IN MEMORIAM

SADIE WATERS

Born May 10, 1884, and died in Rock Hill
Oct. 10, 1900

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me
early shall find me."—*Proverbs 8:17*

IN MEMORIAM

FLORENCE BEATRICE LORYEA

Born February 18, 1882

Died April 13, 1901

Y. W. C. A.

OUR Young Women's Christian Association, which was organized in 1896 by Miss Florence Simons, a Traveling Secretary, has since then developed into an organization of two hundred active members, and has been zealous in leading college girls to devote their lives to Christian service.

The visits paid annually by these Secretaries are anticipated with much pleasure, for then a spirit of renewed interest in the work of Christ is spread throughout the College, and many new methods and plans are suggested.

The object of our Association is the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution.

The Association has been much broadened by intercourse with the different organizations of other Colleges, which is brought about by circular letters interchanged during the year. A great deal of good has been done also by the delegates, who have, for several years, attended the Asheville Conference, and it is our hope, therefore, to be able to increase the number of

representatives from our Association this year.

At the beginning of each year, a reception is held for new students, whom we welcome into our midst, and endeavor to interest in our work.

The Wednesday prayer-meetings, where, in the midst of our busy week of study, we spend a few minutes with our Maker, refreshes each one of us, and enables us to go forth with renewed energy to our daily tasks.

The morning prayer-meetings, held in the stillness of the early dawn, are a source of strength and help to all in beginning the day aright, and in their endeavors to walk in the foot-steps of the Master.

In the Missionary class, the condition of missions, both at home and abroad, is studied, and here especially we realize the vast privileges we enjoy. The sad state of India's starving people appealed to us strongly, and the opportunity now given to lead these thousands of homeless children to accept Christ as their Saviour, is one not to be neglected. One of these orphans is being supported by the Association, and we look forward to the time when she may spread the Gospel among her fellow-creatures.

Besides several small Bible classes held on Sunday,

and which are conducted by members of the Association, we have organized a class in which there are about eighty members, and which is under the leadership of a professor. Here a regular course of study is being adhered to, and we all feel that we are receiving much benefit.

During the World's Week of Prayer, services were held in the chapel several times by different pastors from Rock Hill. These meetings were well attended and we feel sure helped the students spiritually.

The visit of a missionary from India to our College, at the invitation of the Association, was much enjoyed and many hearts were thrilled as we listened to his earnest talk.

The following were the Presidents up to the year 1900-'01:

Misses Leila Russell, Rosa Dantzler, Clara Johnston, Bessie Floyd, Annie Perry, Mary Bowen, Alma Johns, Bessie Carlisle, Bessie Smith, and Millie Lynn.

FIRST TERM.—President, Miss Rachel McMaster; Vice-President, Miss Cora Collins; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Madge Fort; Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Whitmire; Treasurer, Miss Minnie Quatebaum.

SECOND TERM.—President, Miss Rachel McMaster; Vice-President, Miss Julia Ervin; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Charlotte King; Recording Secretary, Miss Harriet Ervin; Treasurer, Miss Allye Belle Beck.



A Reminiscence

THERE was a beauty in that autumn afternoon that is known only in the Southland, a beauty intensified, perhaps, by an indefinable air of sadness; a soft, dreamy haze had settled over the horizon, and far and wide the leaves of luxuriant trees were glittering in the balmy sunlight, all aglow with their many hues, boasting, as it were, a short but gorgeous triumph over their forlorn future. And the streets, indeed, of the little town were as noiseless and peaceful as if they had never known a day of busy trade and bustle.

Down a sidewalk, the quaint figure of an old man was approaching with slow and halting step. Leaning heavily on his stick, he looked feeble and bent with age; from under his hat, thin white locks straggled down, almost to his shoulders; his clothes had the cut of days and fashions long past. From time to time his eye wandered about, regarding with half wonder, now a house or a park, now some public edifice. Often he would stop and look around as if afraid he had mistaken the way, and then, his eye lighting with recognition, he would walk on, again lost in his reverie.

"A queer old fellow," said a passer-by to his companion.

"Quite like a relic of the eleventh century dropped among us," was the reply; and the two went by, and soon forgot the old man and his dreamy eyes.

At a turn of the street, our old friend came suddenly upon a very beautiful view. Beyond stretched a slope of bright green, and from its high embowering oaks and evergreens, rose the dusky walls of an imposing brick building.

Again the old man stopped in amazement, pushed his hat back from his silvery temples, and passed his hand over his brow with a bewildered air.

"No one told me of this," he murmured; "strange that across the ocean I did not think of these changes. Fifty years ago, to be sure, a long, long time."

Some minutes later, the same quaint old figure was bending with interest over an iron fence, eagerly surveying the enclosed building and grounds. The occasional entrance or exit of harmless looking personages, with books or papers tucked under their arms, was all that interrupted the monotony of the scene, and so the old man decided to go in.

Not far from the entrance, the sunbeams were play-

ing in the silvery splash of a fountain, and at the approach of footsteps the gold fishes darted through the clear water to the refuge of the pretty green lily leaves. Here, beneath the shade of the oaks, he might have remained long in admiration, but through the leaves of the great trees and clustering evergreens, he caught sight of an expanse of massive gray stone, and his curiosity hurried him on.

Once in the open, he leaned long on his stick, full of wonder and admiration.

Immediately before him rose the walls of a great building. The uniform red of the brick was artistically relieved by gray stone trimmings at the base, at the flight of steps at the main entrance, and in the facings of the deep windows. Far above towered the spire, with its four clock faces, the hands of each pointing strangely to seven-seventeen—many hours too fast. To the right and left he saw triple-story wings stretching to great distances.

As he stood there, his surprise wearing away before the reality of the situation, the old man became aware of a confused babel of musical sounds issuing from the upper regions of the building, now faint, now piercing the air with increasing confusion. Through an open window he caught fragments of sentences from a precise, clear voice: "The sum of the squares of the sine and—," and here the music drowned all; then again, "The tangent of an angle is equal—." A light

seemed to break in upon the old man, and he drew nearer, examining the details of the building. A little to the left of the main entrance, he stopped, and read half to himself, half aloud, the inscription on the gray stone. In bas-relief was the seal of the State of South Carolina, and beneath it, "*Verset College, South Carolina, 18—*."

The old man shifted his position, looking dreamily down the white walk at his side. Suddenly he was roused from his contemplation by the sound of approaching voices. "Maybe I am intruding," he whispered; "but it is all so strange it almost made me forget. I cannot leave without seeing the old lake, the little lake that Mary and I loved." So with half timid step he made his way around the left wing of Verset College dormitory to the large back campus which stretched beyond.

The gravel path led him by a hot-house, where several negroes were working. On one side, through the windows of an annex to the main building, he caught glimpses of negresses, busily at work, heard the clatter of dishes, and smelt the savory beefsteak cooking; while on the other side, he heard the whirr and buzz of machinery. It all jarred on his senses; he felt irritated and almost angry to find that in his absence men had thus made use of the spot he had most loved. In his half lost feeling, he took little notice of the tennis and basket ball grounds over which he passed, or of bowling alleys and scientific thermometers and the like which

rose on either hand. He only knew that he was approaching a rich, clover-covered slope which led him to the lake in the valley below.

How well he remembered the lake! Many a time had he and Mary walked from the old home to sit under the live oaks around its shore. He remembered the dusky wood-violets they used to gather, and the sweet twin jessamine that matted the rocks at their feet. Surely nature was in her sweetest, loveliest mood in those days, in those fair days, when from the deep shadows of the shore, they saw the peaceful heavens reflected in the lake's limpid water. How gracefully the birds were wont to skim the bright surface! He could hear the soft cadence of Mary's voice as she sat beside him in the old boat, could feel her warm breath, and the soft pressure of her hand.

A smile flitted over the old man's face as he reached the break in the slope from which the lake was formerly visible. But his eagerness is turned to amazement as he halts before the changed sight. A little stream meandering through the valleys is all that is left of the lake. A profusion of cannas and lilies, roses and vines, making a thick undergrowth, covers the entire site. Many of the live oaks and whispering pines had been

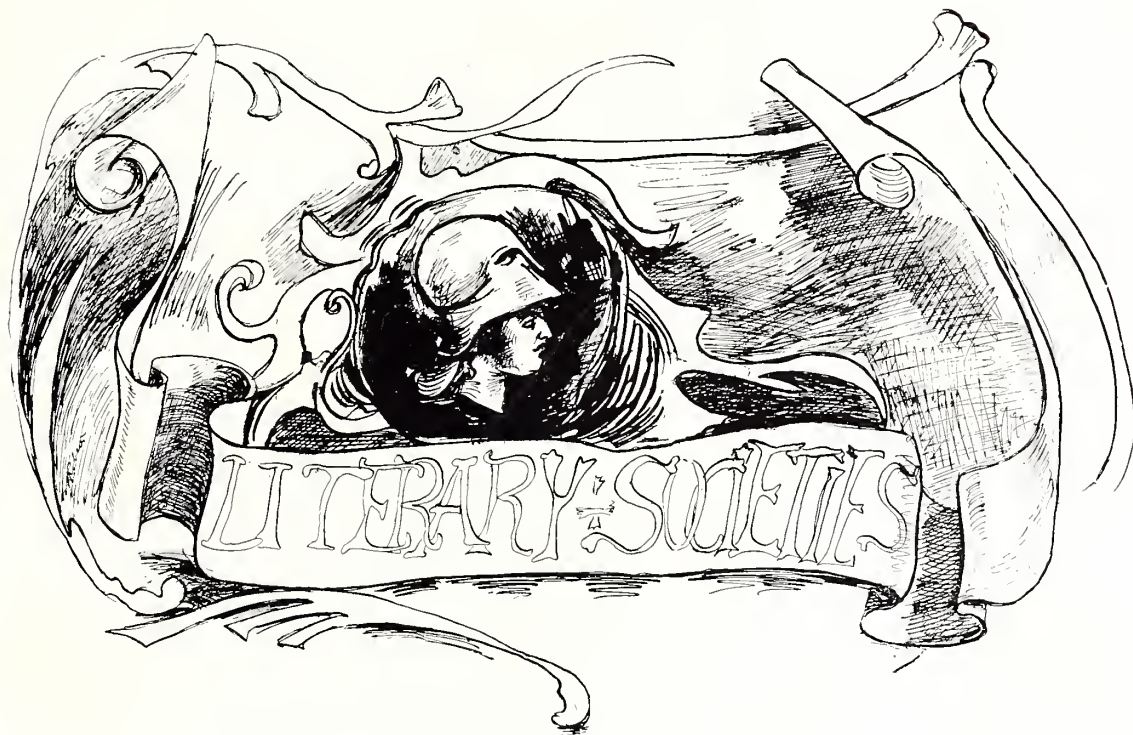
cleared away, and he can discern through the leaves of the trees a white arched bridge crossing the stream, and pretty garden seats and rustic benches around the great roots of the oaks.

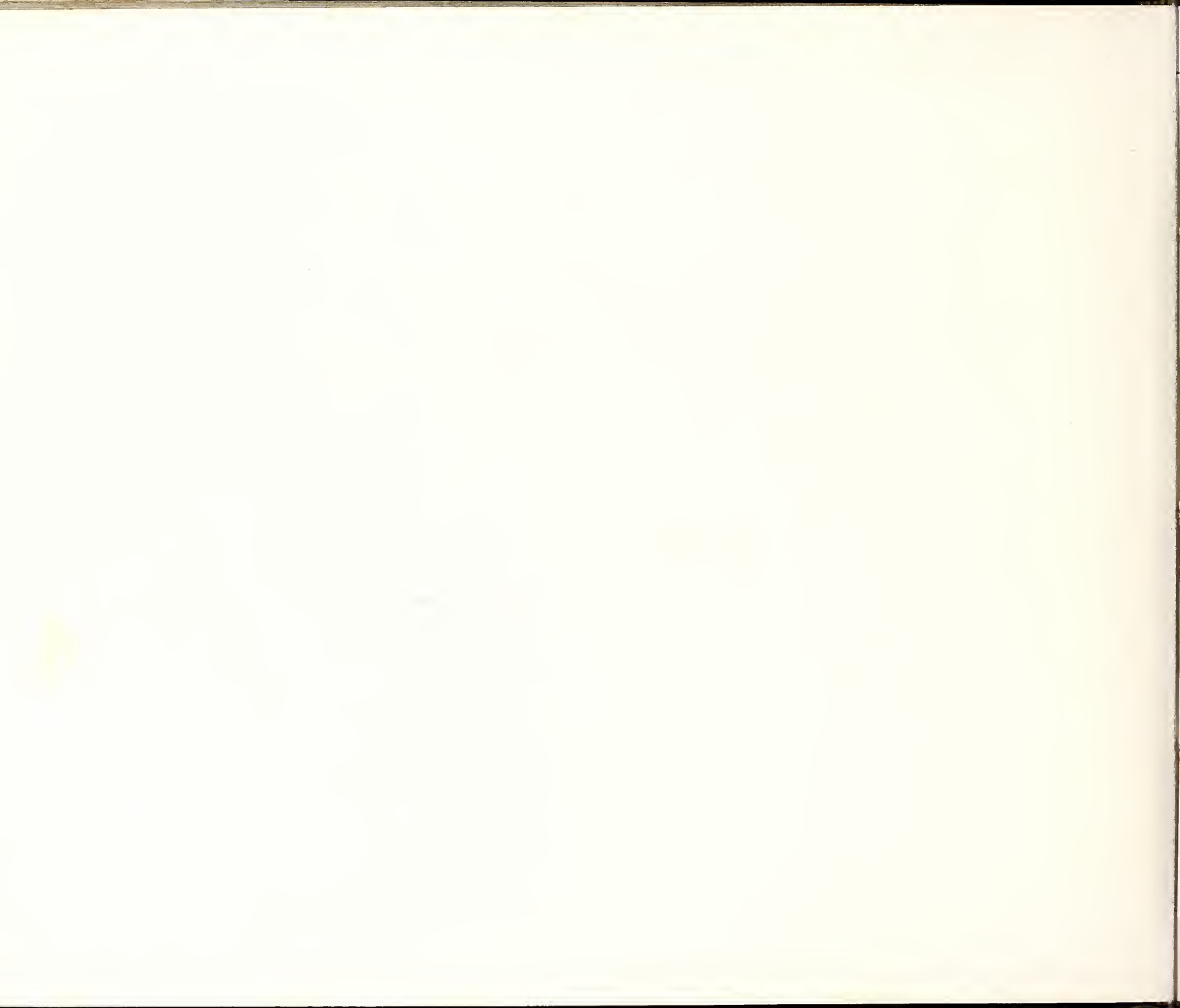
But the old man saw no beauty in the changed scene. He stood there dazed and disappointed. A certain weariness came over him, perhaps he had walked too long, after all.

Suddenly a bell tolls deep and loud from the building behind him, and in a moment a bevy of gay girls sail out, merry and joyous in their freedom, in their youth, in the perfect beauty of nature. They catch a glimpse of the old man as he stands confused and uncertain, and then turn toward him, their gay chatter turned into expressions of curiosity at finding such a queer, old-fashioned figure in their bounds. He, also, feels the incongruity of the situation and gladly discovers an escape through a side gate. Looking back only once on the scene, now dotted far and wide with blue-clad figures, he wearily and sadly makes his way on.

"Such changes, such changes," he mutters. "Who would have imagined them? And Mary, what would Mary think?"

E. L.







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Roll of Curry Literary Society

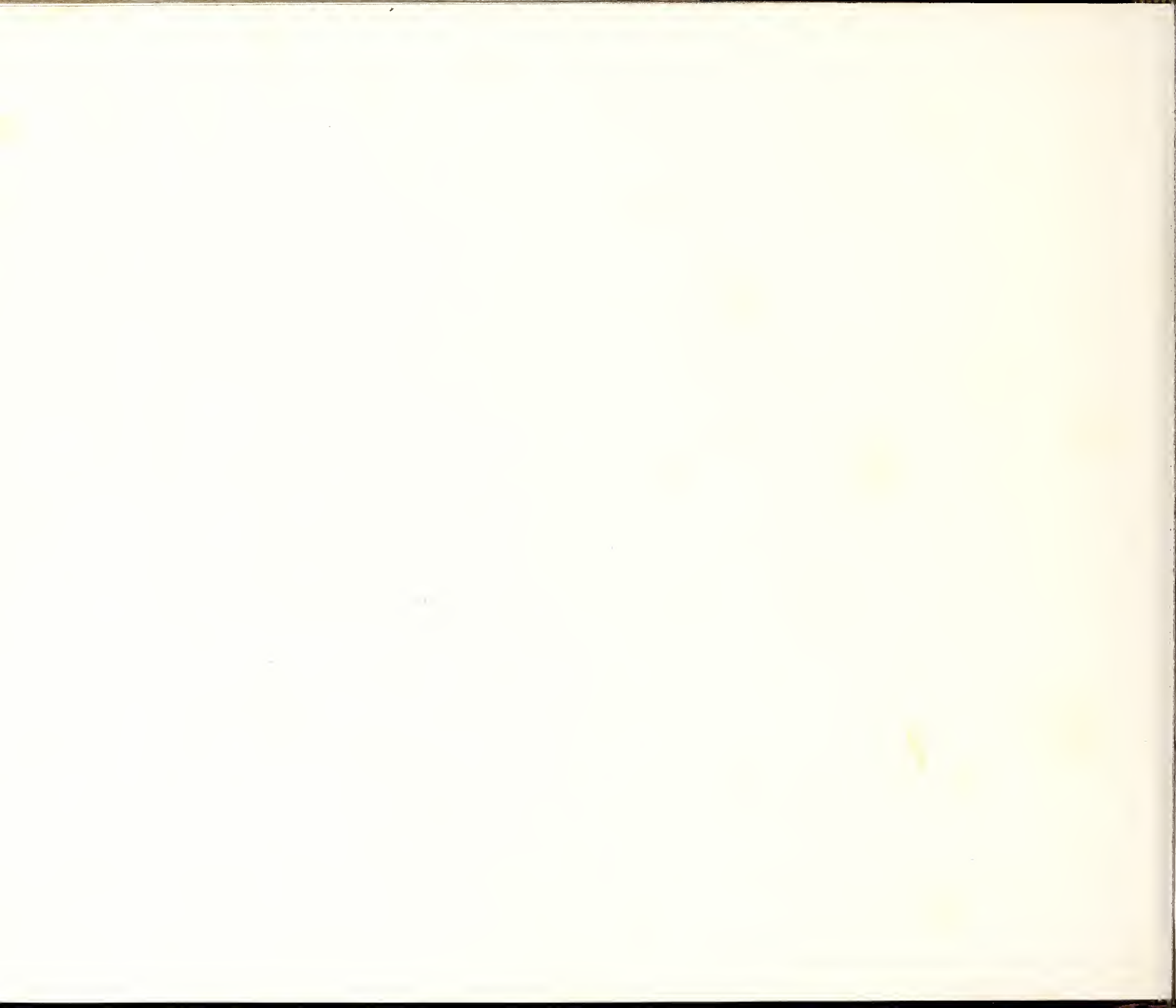
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LILA TEW
JANE THOMAS
NELLE WAKEFIELD
LUTIE WEATHERS
ADDIE WELLS
ETHEL WELLS
MAY ZEIGLER



SECTION OF CURRY LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



History of Curry Society

AT the foot of a steep, rugged mountain, on the sixth of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, a little child was born. It was called Curry, in honor of Dr. J. L. M. Curry. It was decreed that this little child was to climb the rough, craggy mountain, at the top of which success awaited her. As soon as she was strong enough she began the ascent, bearing in her hand a banner with this inscription: "*Per angusta ad augusta.*" Small wonder she faltered; strange she did not give up! The mountain towered above her, high and dangerous; she was small and weak. However, she was brave, and had the will to do or die. Looking up the mountain one might see a number of mile-stones, upon which were carved the numbers 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, and many others.

Pausing a moment, Curry looked up the mountain and saw Winthrop some distance ahead. She smiled, rejoicing in her sister's progress.

As the child slowly but steadily advanced, the way became less difficult, her feet were not so badly bruised, and her heart grew lighter; for a bright star of hope shone in the distance. Each mile-stone passed made it easier to reach the next. How wonderfully she grew! She who first began the ascent with trembling feet was a mere baby. To-day, as she stands midway between the mile-stones, 1901-1902, she is in the full strength and beauty of youth. The difficulties through which she has passed greatly increased her strength. We wish for her all success, trusting that by continued progress she may reach that for which she strives.



MOTTO : Fideli certa merces

COLOR : Gold

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Roll of Winthrop Literary Society

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BESSIE ALEXANDER
DAISY ALLEN
BONNIE ANDERSON
ESTELLE AULL
BEULAH BARRON
BESSIE BARRON
MAMIE BARTON
ALLIE BELLE BECK
LIDA BECKETT
KATE BETHUNE
NELLIE LEE BOYKIN
META BOYKIN
LINA BRADLEY
FLORENCE BROWN
CLAIRE BROWNE
JULIA BRYAN
ANNIE BURGESS
MARY BURNET
CAROLINE CAIN
ETHEL CARSON
GRACE CARSON
ANNIE CHAFFIN

MARY CHAPMAN
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CORR COLLINS
LILA CONNOR
ALICE COOPER
EDITH COSKREY
FANNIE CREIGHTON
MABEL CROSWELL
MATTIE CROUCH
MAY CULLER
MARY CUNNINGHAM
ESTHER B. DAVIS
MAIDA DEAS
ETHEL DREHER
BELVA DUBOSE
LAVALETTE DUPUY
EDITH DUVAL
LEONA EPTING
HARRIET ERVIN
JULIA ERVIN
MILDRED ERVIN

ELIZABETH GAILLARD
CAROLINE GIBSON
HELEN GOGGANS
EVA GOODLETT
LOUISA HAILE
STELLA HAIR
LAURIE HARRALL
DAISY HARRIS
EMILY HARRIS
WILLIE HARRIS
CAROLINE HEYWARD
NANNIE HODGES
HENRIETTA HOFFMEYER
EVA HOGARTH
ANSIE HOLMAN
MAMIE HUEY
BERTHA JACOBS
DAISY JETER
CARRIE JONES
SADIE JOSEY
ANNIE KEELS
CHARLOTTE KING
HONORIA LANG

NELLIE LATHROP
MATTIE D. LEACH
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JANIE LIDE
THERESA LIGHTSEY
MARY LYLES
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LIZZIE MARTIN
SALLIE McCUTCHEN
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LOUISE McMASTER
RACHEL McMASTER
ELEANOR McRAE
MARION MEANS
MAUD METZ
IZORA MILEY
MABEL MITCHELL
FRANCES MOBLEY
BLANCHE MOORE

LEE MOORE
MABEL MOORER
HELEN MORRISON
ARMIDA MOSES
LOIS NEEL
ELEANOR NICHOLSON
MATTIE PADGETT
DAISY PARROTT
MARY PEGUES
CHARLOTTE PORCHER
ANNE PORCHER
BERTILA PORTER
FLORENCE POWE
MINNIE QUATTLEBAUM
DAISY RILEY
CAROLINA RENNEKER
BESSIE ROGERS
ADA SALLEY
LOTTIE SALLEY
IDA SALLY

NONIE SANDERS
MARY SCAIFE
MATTIE SMITH
HELEN STEWART
JEANNETTE STEWART
ADA TRANTHAM
CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
BERTHA ULMER
MARY VIDAL
MARY EVA WALKER
MARIE WATSON
HENRIETTA WELCH
SARAH WHITE
PAULINE WHITE
FRANCES WHITMIRE
ANNIE WILDS
ETHEL WILLIS
CLAIRE WINGO
SUSIE YARBOROUGH
PEARL YOUMANS





SECTION OF WINTHROP SOCIETY HALL



History of Winthrop Literary Society

ON November 2, 1888, a company of thirty-three young ladies met in Columbia at the residence of Mrs. Lamar, to organize a society for the purpose of studying American literature.

These young ladies were members of Winthrop Training School; so it was not strange that the name they chose at their second meeting was "Winthrop Literary Society." Very soon the Society chose our present motto, "*Fideli Certa Merces*," to remind us that if we work with our hearts we shall not be disappointed.

On October 5, 1889, the Society was reorganized and a constitution adopted. The work proved profitable as well as entertaining to its members. They began, this year, the study of English writers.

Very early in the history of our Society there was some discussion as to the adoption of a badge pin. No design was decided upon until three years ago. The one adopted has been changed during the last few months. Now we proudly wear a gold oak wreath with a raised shield, bearing the monogram "W. L. S."

The value of such an institution among Winthrop girls was fully realized; so the work begun by our predecessors has been kept up.

In January, 1892, our Society paper, "*The Qui Vive*,"

made its appearance. It has been a source of much fun and enjoyment to us, besides giving a true insight into the lives of busy College girls.

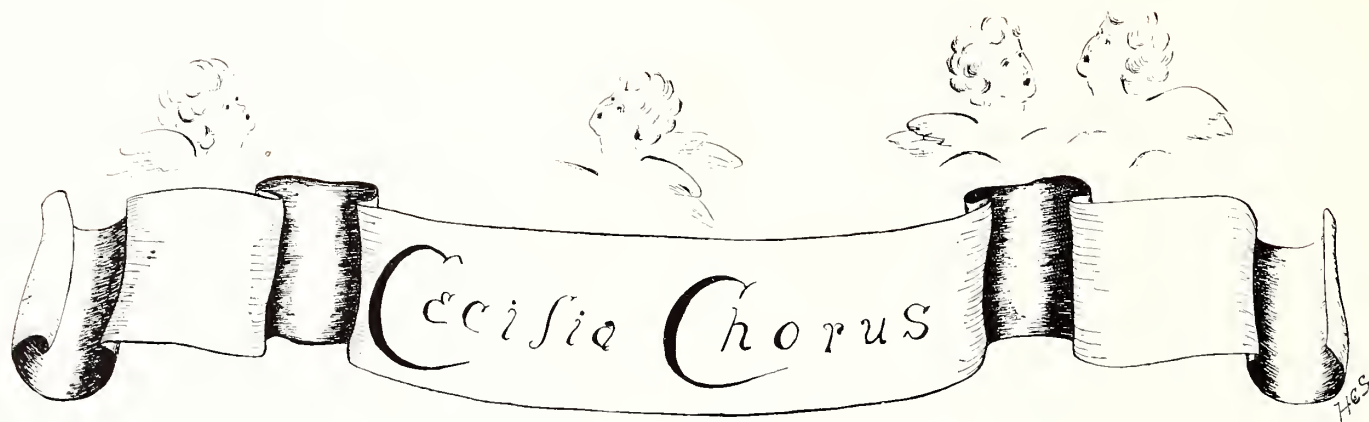
In 1895, the Society came with Winthrop College to Rock Hill, still retaining its old name and constitution. It is now no small factor in the College life of many Winthrop girls.

In the first year steps were taken towards furnishing the large hall set apart for our use. Every year we have endeavored to add something new. Before long we hope our hall will be as beautiful as those of societies older than ours.

Every year most enjoyable entertainments have been given. Some of us remember very pleasantly "The Mouse Trap," "The Elevator," "Chronothanetoletron," and "The Cricket on the Hearth." We rejoice in the progress of our sister society, Curry. The friendly rivalry between us adds not a little to our interest in society work.

In '98 and '99 the two societies published "The Tatler;" and this year, our annual, we hope, will be even better than those of the past.

The joint meeting of the societies at each Commencement is one of the most interesting features of the programme of that week. And the most interesting feature of this meeting is the debate.



1900-01

PROF. W. B. STRONG, *Director*
MISS JANE THOMAS, *Pianist*

Sopranos

FLORENCE AIMAR
ADDIE ALEXANDER
ESTELLE AULL
REBECCA BRICE
MARGARET BELL
META BOYKIN
LOUISE BASKIN
MARIE BEE
ELISE BAMBERG

LULIE BAMBERG
FLORENCE BROWNE
MARY BURNETT
LIZZIE COCHRAN
CLIO COPE
EDITH COSKREY
CAROLINE CAINE
CORA COLLINS
ETHEL CROSS

ESTELLE CAMPBELL
LEORA DOUTHIT
JOSIE FEWELL
DOUGLAS GRAYBILL
ROSEBUD GOLDSMITH
ELIZABETH GAILLARD
ROSA GRIMM
ALICE GREENE
NINA HANKINSON

EVA HOGARTH
MATTIE KINARD
SUE LEE
LEE MOORE
ELLA MCDANIEL
PAULINE MULLINS
ADA O'BRYAN

ANNIE O'BRYAN
LILLIE OUSLEY
CARRIE ONSLOW
KATE PLOWDEN
SADIE REYNOLDS
EVA ROLLINS
HALLIE ROLLINS

CAROLINE RENNEKER
MARY SCAIFE
CORNELIA SANDERS
NONIE SANDERS
E. SANDERS
WILLIE SOUTHDARD
ADA SALLEY

Altos

MAY AIMAR
GERTRUDE ALL
JULIA ANDERSON
MARGARET BLAINE
JESSIE BLACK
JULIA BRYAN
CHRISTINE BETHUNE
CARRIE COLEMAN
LEONA EPTING
LAURA FORD
LOUISE HAILE

PEARLE HARLING
ESSIE HARVEY
LAURA KING
BEMMA LANDRUM
ROSE MOORE
DESSIE McELVEEN
ELEANOR McRAE
EVA NEAL
CYNTHIA NEAL
MAGGIE McFADDEN
ELEANOR NICHOLSON

FRANCES RAWL
MAMIE ROWELL
JENNIE RUSSELL
MARY REAVES
IDA VERDIER
CLAIRE WINGO
MARIE WATSON
HENRIETTA WELSH
MAY ZEIGLER

EDITORS AT WORK

Two strange little creatures were peeping one night
Into the parlors to see what they might;
Hoping to learn through some merciful power
What the girls in that room did for many an hour.

They could see through the key-hole that something was
wrong—
They were all so excited—discussions were long;
From their looks might be told with only a glance
That they must be at work to redeem a last chance.

They were young it would seem, but they all looked so old,
A few streaks of silver might be seen with the gold;
So these dear little creatures were grieved in the heart,
And each one determined to bear well his part.

The two elves pushed the door and then slyly crept in—
It made little difference if this were a sin;
And this was the sight that met their wild eyes
As they tip-toed around to see the cause of those sighs.

On the floor lay a book that was purple and gold,
A voluminous "Tatler," which its own story told;
There were books all scattered on table and floor,
And pens, papers, pencils and pen-knives galore.

Still hard as they worked and as harder they thought,
In their dull, stupid intellects was nothing new caught;
"We want pictures, and pictures, and pictures galore,"
Said Nellye Lee Boykin to them over and o'er.

The strict business manager could think of naught else,
Save that Dowling was coming to photo herself;
Eight large bags of kisses had told the sweet tale
That Dowling was coming in a week without fail.

The girl at the head who seemed leader of all,
By a tap on the table to order would call;
"Do not talk but of business," of them she would ask,
"I *will* talk," Miss Neal said, "and still do my task."

Then the girls all got up and sat nearer the table.
To the two little elves they seemed writing a fable,
For once when they spoke of a man who was dead,
"Oh, we don't know about him," Janie Lide said.

There was trouble it seemed about the dead man,
It was trouble the elves did not understand;
The girls did not know the date of his birth,
Without which the rest would not be of much worth.

"Oh, what can it mean?" said one wee little elf,
"I am going up nearer and find out for myself;"
And so drawing up nearer she stood just behind
To see what strange things in that book she could find.

At once she saw Winthrop in all of her glory,
And looking once more she knew the whole story;
She knew what it meant to the editors eight,
Who must read from those pages their own mournful fate.



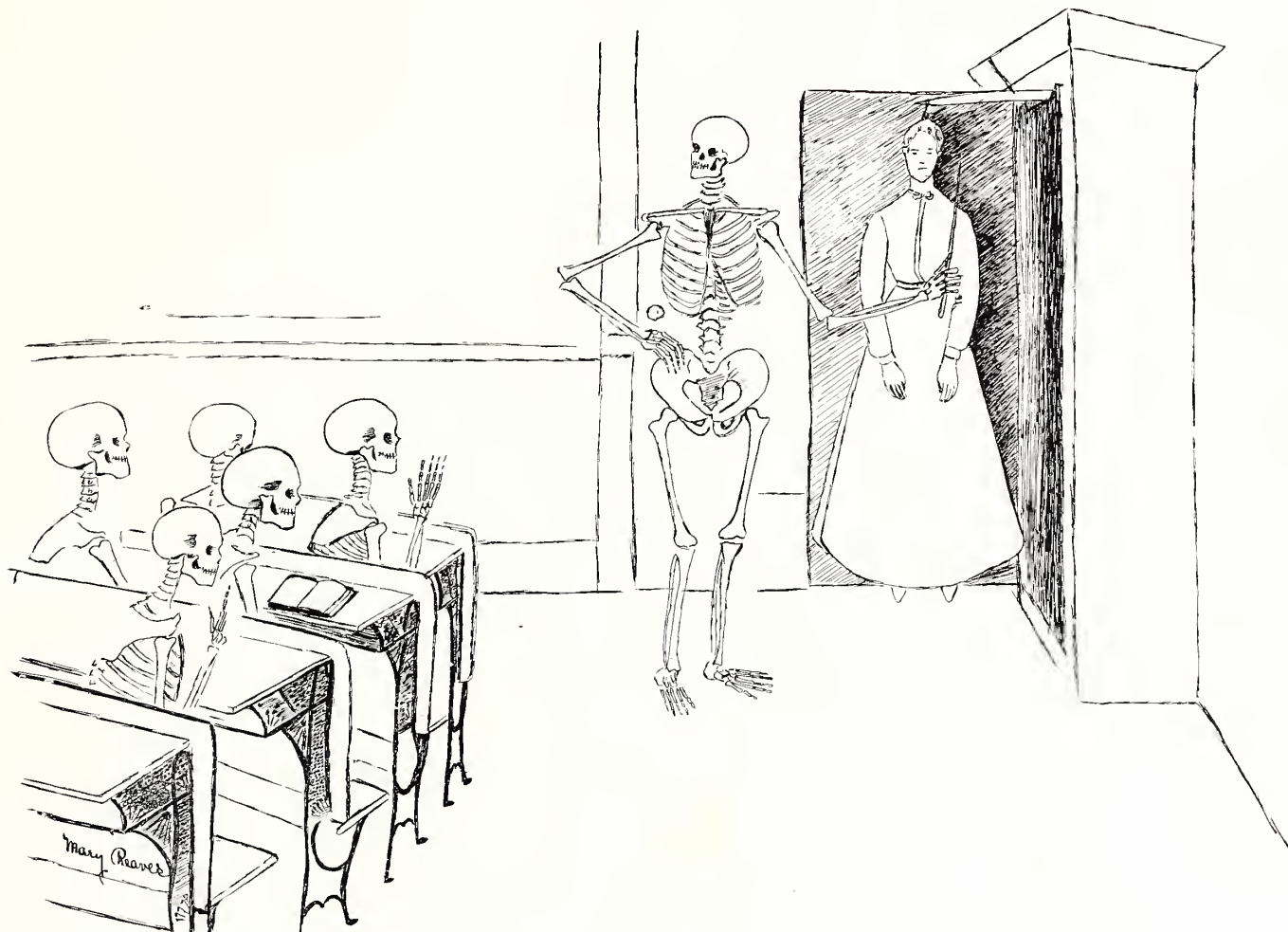
WINTHROP COLLEGE CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

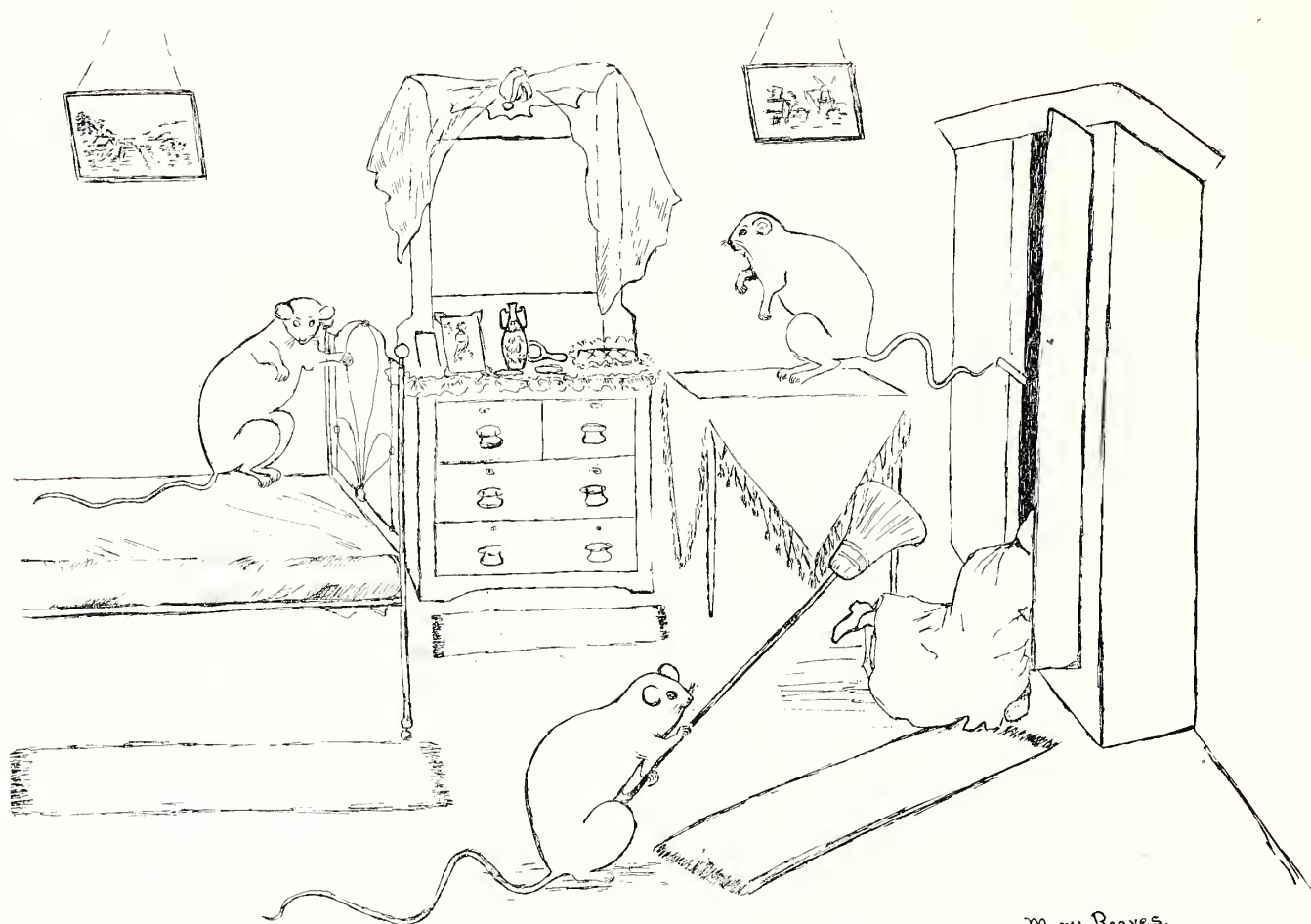
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SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, CORA M. COLLINS
RECORDING SECRETARY, NELLIE LEE BOYKIN
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, BELL WOODS MONTGOMERY
TREASURER, FRANCES WHITMIRE

TABLES TURNED

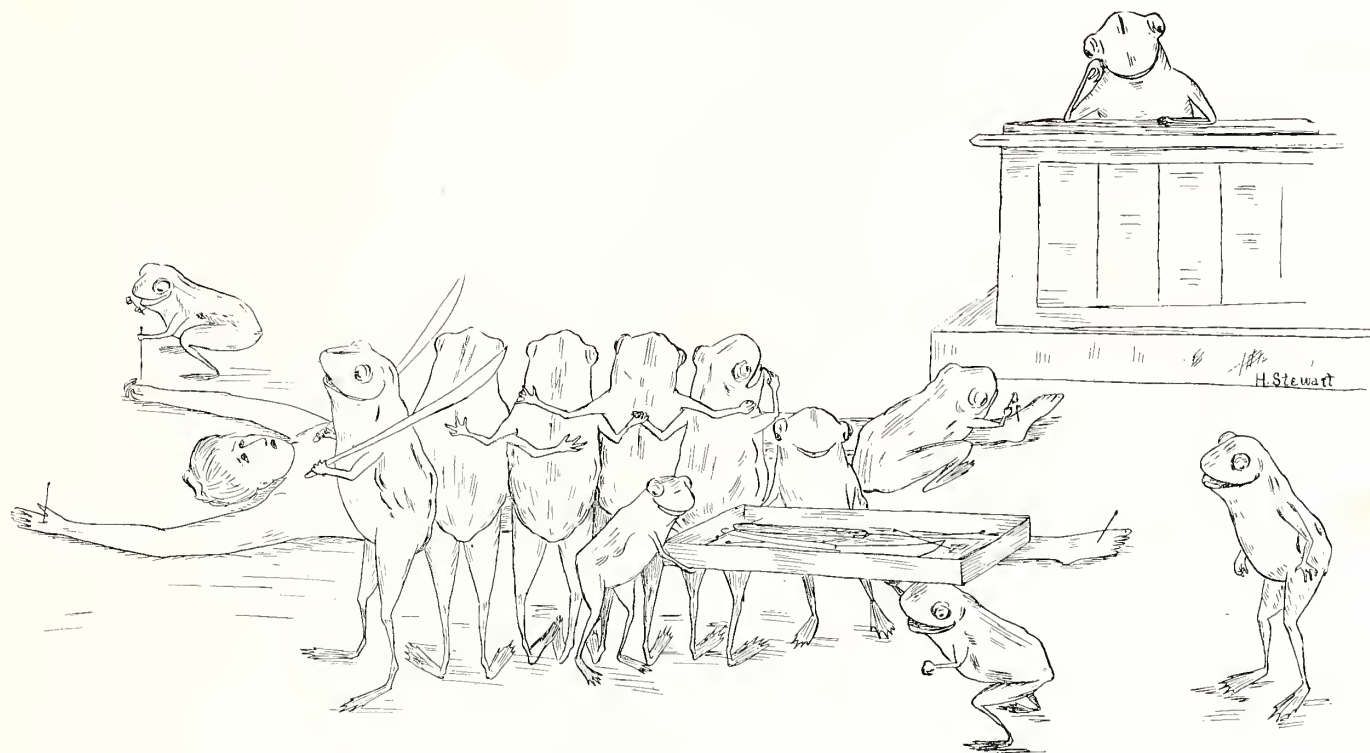
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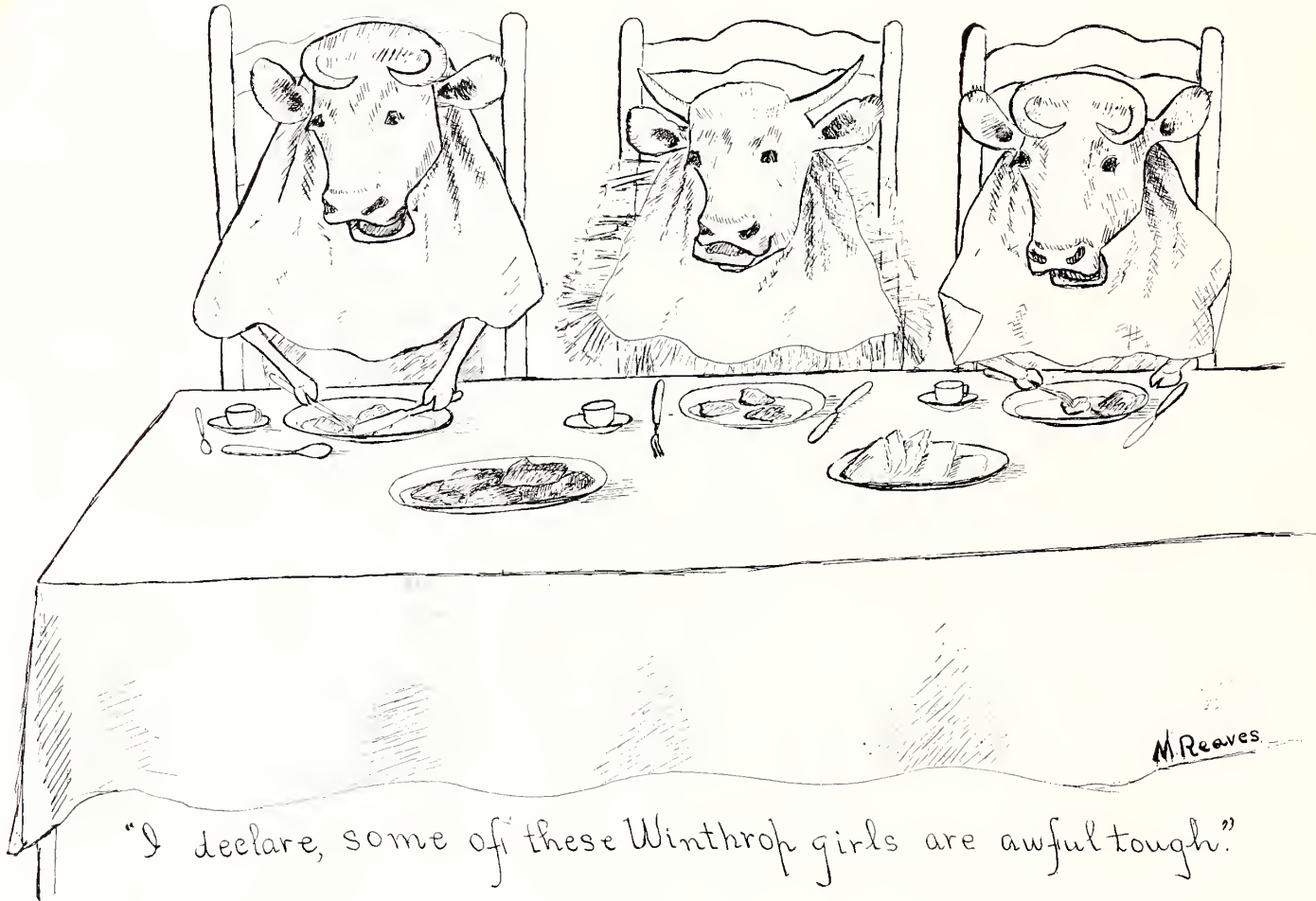
Mary Peaves.

III



"Well, if there are no more questions
to be asked we'll go on with the dissection."

IV



"I declare, some of these Winthrop girls are awful tough."

Kindergarten Department

"God hath his small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man."

WINTHROP COLLEGE, in seeking every means for rounding out the character of woman, provides the Kindergarten Department for teaching the best of all womanly knowledge—the knowledge of how to train the little child; and for teaching this knowledge from the best of text-books, the child himself. The extension of the kindergarten idea recalls the Hindoo story of the "tiny Brahman who begs of King Bali as much sand as he can measure in three steps." When the boon is granted, the tiny dwarf expands into the gigantic form of Vishnu and striding with one step across the earth, another across the air, and a third across the sky, takes possession of the universe. This myth, which is said to be symbolic of the sunrise, is a good illustration of the kindergarten, which has taken possession of our sciences, our literature and our arts, and laid them all at the feet of the little child.

From the art hall to the carpenter's shop go the kindergartners in search of material to aid the child in "self-development."

"Nothing but the best is good enough for the little child," is their motto. Taught by experience, the inhabitants of Winthrop dormitory gather together their choicest possessions and sit upon them while these enthusiasts of the kindergarten are in search of material. This material is used by the child in his own delightful and original way. To cultivate artistic tendencies or impulses, to develop a love and appreciation for the beautiful, frequent excursions are made to the art hall, and now and then a beautiful bit of statuary is borrowed for a temporary use in the kindergarten.

One day a little boy on finding the room adorned with some of these, exclaimed, "I wonder what Miss Macfeat brought all these dead people in here for."

Spring, the fascinating season of the awakening of nature, is seized upon by the kindergarten as the proper time to lead the child to a realization of certain spiritual truths. The opening of the flowers, the building of nests, the life of the baby bird, the cocoons, which in the child's own language, "bust" into butterflies, are all woven into song, story and game, in order that the

children entering thus into the life of nature, may have themselves a more abundant life. During one of these morning talks just before Easter, a little boy lifted up his face, sparkling into enthusiasm and remarked, "Oh, yes, I know something you'll see at Easter gooder than the lilies and the birds and all them things!" "What is it, Dunlap?" says the teacher, with ready sympathy, expecting some pearl of great price to fall from the eager lips. "Why, you'll see me in my new spring suit, that's what you'll see!" is the joyous reply.

That they are possessed of a truly grateful spirit is illustrated by the following incident:

"Shall we sing 'Thank You,' this morning?" says Miss Macfeat. "Yes, oh yes," is the eager response of twenty little voices. "Let us sing 'Thank You' for our mammas, and our papas, our houses and our food, for the birds and the chickens, and the bears and the wolves, and the horses and the cats and the dogs and the *new dormitory*."

The following incident shows their attempt to understand the meaning of language: "What's a high school?" asked one of the children. "Why, this is a high school," was the answer. "No, it isn't, either," said Vivian, earnestly. "This is not a high school, because my papa can reach the top of it."

A kindergarten normal student was in charge of the circle work the other day. One of the children made a request of Miss Macfeat, who referred him to the young lady in charge. "No, sir," he said, shaking his head, walking steadily up to Miss Macfeat, "she's not the housekeeper of this kindergarten."

"How do you like your teacher?" asked a young lady of one of the tots. "Why," he said, "I fink Miss Feat is the feetest teacher that ever teached."

* * * * *

A fascinating community truly is the kindergarten, and full of rich variety is the life there. When one crosses the enchanted threshold, once enters this magic world of childhood, he finds it very hard to leave it all and come back to the dull prosaic life of the grown-ups. Not long ago a prominent business man came into the kindergarten just for a peep at the children. He was very busy, "could stay only a few minutes." He staid two hours.

Thus are we held captive by the sight of children, who, working, playing, living together under conditions which stimulate the development of right habits of thought and action, are laying the best foundation for true citizenship later on.

COLLEGE MARSHALS

CHIEF MARSHAL
MATTIE LEACH

WINTHROP

WINTHROP
RACHEL McMASTER
CAROLINE HEYWARD
ANNIE WILDS
LINA BRADLEY

CURRY
OLIVE NEWTON
JANE THOMAS
MADGE FORT
MARY NANCE
FRANCES RAWL



ENNIS CLUB

PRESIDENT, NELLIE LEE BOYKIN
 VICE-PRESIDENT, LIDA BECKETT
 SECRETARY, CARRIE HEYWARD

MEMBERS

Champions

CARRIE HEYWARD
 JANE THOMAS
 EVA NEAL
 NELLIE BOYKIN

"The Deuce."

PAULINE WHITE
 MARY BURNETT
 LIDA BECKETT
 LOIS NEEL

"Love"

JULIA ANDERSON
 ELISE BAMBERG
 LOULIE BAMBERG
 META BOYKIN
 CLIO COPE
 ESTELLE COLEMAN
 LEORA DOUTHIT
 LAVALETTE DUPUY
 EDITH DUVALL
 JULIA ERVIN
 HARRIET ERVIN

MILDRED ERVIN
 DOUGLAS GRAYBILL
 LOUISE HAILE
 LAURIE HARRALL
 EMILY HARRIS
 EDNA HEALAN
 MAMIE HUEY
 SOPHIE HAY
 LULA JONES
 ANNIE KEELS
 KITTIE KIRKPATRICK

LAURA KING
 HONOR LANG
 SUE LEE
 JANIE LIDE
 CHESTNUT MCINTOSH
 RACHEL McMASTER
 LOUISE McMASTER
 BELLE MONTGOMERY
 ARMIDA MOSES
 MABEL MOORER
 SALLIE NICHOLSON

ELEANOR NICHOLSON
 SADIE REYNOLDS
 MARY SCAIFE
 DOT SANDERS
 NONIE SANDERS
 NELLA SANDERS
 EVA WALKER
 ANNIE WILDS
 FRANCIS WHITMIRE
 HENRIETTA WELCH



THALIA GERMAN CLUB

MOTTO : Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

COLOR : Garnet

PRESIDENT, R. MOORE
TREASURER, F. M. AIMAR

MEMBERS

L. E. DOUTHIT	J. M. STEWART
E. NEAL	F. A. BROWN
D. S. BROCKINGTON	



THE TERPSICHOREANS

COLORS: Cream and Crimson

PRESIDENT, N. L. BOYKIN
TREASURER, C. P. HEYWARD

MEMBERS

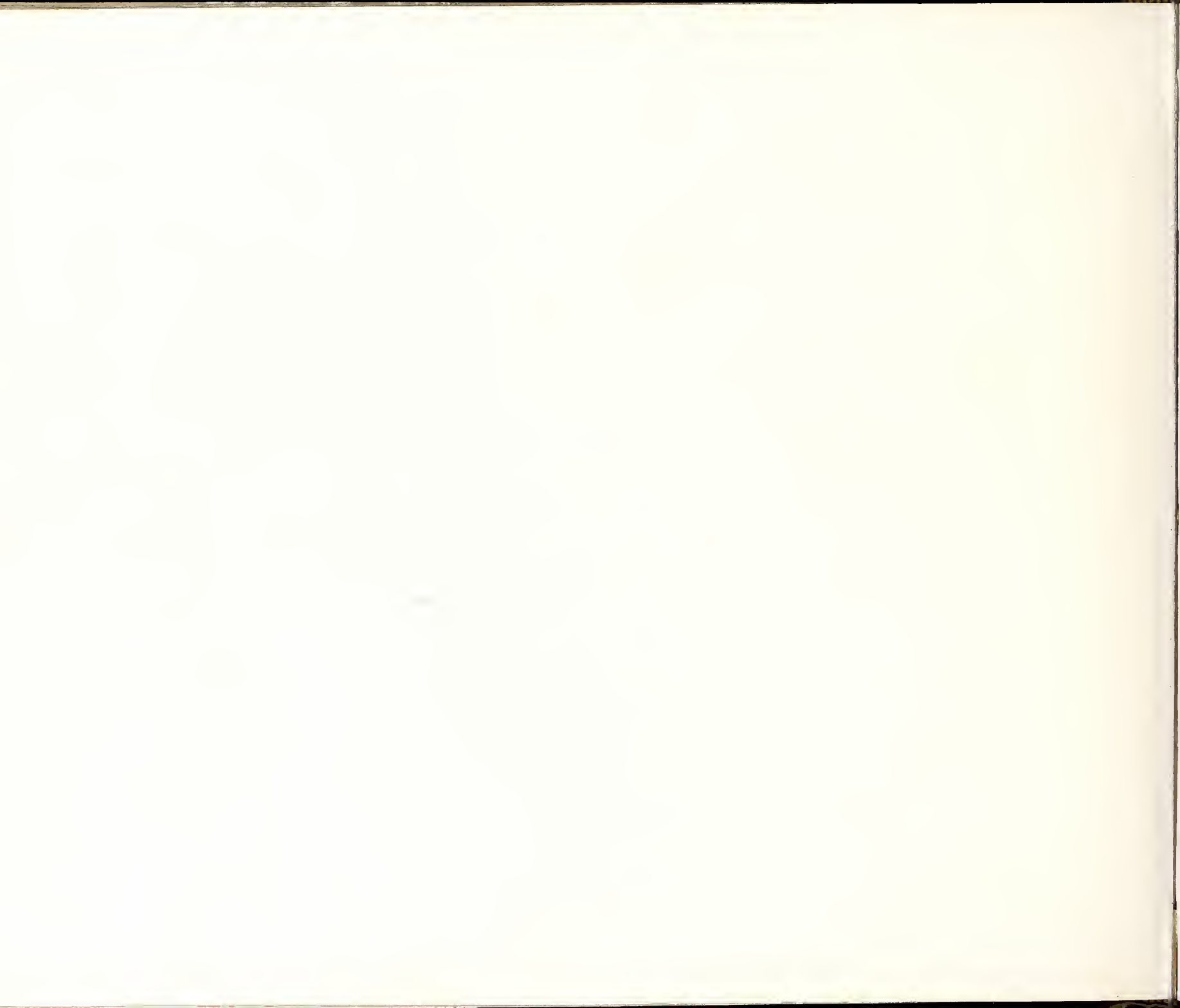
M. MITCHELL
GEO. HAILE
A. PORCHER
M. BURNET

L. BECKETT
N. SANDERS
M. E. WALKER
C. JONES



SNAP SHOTS





OLD LION

Prize Story for Medal Offered by President D. B. Johnson to Members of Senior Class for Best Short Story

IN no place has the Civil War left severer traces than in the Sand Hills of the Piedmont section of South Carolina. There poverty reigns supreme. But poorly provided for by nature at best, this section, since Sherman's memorable march, has remained, in most parts, an uncultivated wilderness of sand and "black-jacks," fit only as a scene for the early morning fox hunts of sportsmen.

The large summer mansions of once wealthy planters are now forsaken and in ruins. The owners, their wealth quite gone, are compelled to brave the malaria of the lowlands all the year round. These former seats of opulence and gaiety are now as useless as old barns when there is no grain to store.

* * * * *

Young Huger began to whistle softly as he left the rest of the huntsmen to turn into a branch road. He was more than content, for there lay the fox, slung in triumph across his saddle-bow, his own by right of conquest. Huger hardly ever failed, on returning from a fox hunt, to stop by old Rosehill to see Aaron

Scott, his father's overseer of ante-bellum days; and although it was rather early for a visit, he had promised to deliver a message for his mother, and dared not forget. It was a glorious morning—the east was all aglow with the promise of sunrise; the black-gum trees and the stunted oaks were revelling in their varicolored autumn hues; and here and there amongst them, the stalwart pines rose like mighty warriors, bowing their heads toward each other in the breeze, with soft, whispered talk. Except for the twitter and flutter of waking birds in the bushes, there was little sign of life. No negro cabins were scattered along the roadside. The wood appeared utterly desolate for mile after mile.

Huger took off his hat to enjoy the morning air, as cool and pure as that of the mountains, and walked his horse leisurely along over the heavy sand bed of the road.

Suddenly he drew rein; he thought he heard strains of distant music. It was like the song of birds, and strangely enough, too, it had the sound of running

water; but he knew that the little creek was some distance ahead. A smile flitted over his face; he knew that it must be old Aaron playing one of his wild, weird airs. As he approached, the music grew much clearer; he could recognize the tone of the old violin.

When he reached the shallow little stream running across the road, he pulled back the bushes and peeped beyond. Standing near the bank, among the wild asters and jessamine vines, was the quaint, bent, old man; his clothes rough and worn; his white hair reaching almost to his shoulders; his keen, wonderful gray eyes drinking in the scenery and sounds around; one hand holding a handsome old violin under his chin, the other caressingly wielding the bow. Huger bent on his horse's neck to listen to the strange, beautiful music.

Now the note blended with the water's trickling rill, now it swelled with freshened sweetness into the thrush's throbbing song; again it lowered to the droning of lazy pollen-laden bees, and then whispered softly of the Universe and God. Now a weirdness, strange and solemn floated mystically forth, and the forest rang with melody; the world, the *all* seemed there. Then the old man's hand sank slowly to his side.

"Wonderful," breathed the young man as he dismounted and moved toward the player, "more wonderful than he has ever yet done."

Old Aaron was in a dream. He scarcely seemed to see his young friend, and only moved in response to

the latter's "Good morning, Scott! I have been enjoying your music from the roadside."

A few minutes later, the two were walking together up the hill to the house. Huger was listening anew to Aaron's story of the gift of the violin, and as he listened, he examined curiously the quaint, fierce old lion's head which formed its scroll.

"A fine man, Mr. Huger," he was repeating, "a fine man was your father. His slaves kin tell you how good he was. I love old Lion all the better because, sez I to myself, 'The old master gev me that'—he thought I played well—and so I hide it from Mander—my wife hates music, you know,"—with a sigh. "She says this violin allus' is keepin' me an' Suzie from our work. It's nateral for Suzie to love it, she's the only gran'chil', an' she gits it frum me, I s'pose." And so the poor old man ran on, till they entered what was left of Rosehill gates. It was a handsome old place. Among the great pines and massive oaks, were cedars, magnolias and old time crepe-trees gnarled with age; the wildernesses of boxwood could hardly be recognized as hedges, so long had it been since they had been trimmed; and the rose vines and wistaria clustering around the front piazza were dying of neglect. The old house itself, great, square, massive, showed many signs of decay. Some of the pillars were half broken and fallen away; and the window shutters had great gaps of missing slats.

"Come in, Mr. Huger," said Aaron hospitably;

"Mander must be in the back part, cookin' breakfus'. Have a seat an' sit down." In a whisper, "I'll go put away old Lion; don't tell Mander I've been playin'. She thinks I went to the spring to git water."

While awaiting him, Huger strolled about the house. How bare things looked! Many a time had he heard his mother speak of the magnificent balls held in this hall. Those were fine old times! And this was the parlor; he would speak to his mother about moving such handsome marble mantel-pieces; they were doing no one any good here. It was a shame Sherman's men had cracked these mirrors; they must have been very costly. And why could not the frieze have been moved? It was said his great-grand-father had expended a small fortune on its structure—he could still see the signs of most skilful workmanship. It was a pity for its beauty to have decayed there.

Just then Aaron and Mander entered, and after listening sympathetically to the latter's list of ailments, Huger had the couple show him over the house.

The garret and upstairs rooms were quite bare, uninhabited except by bats and birds. Some of the rooms on the first floor were partly occupied by the family, their cheap and scanty belongings contrasting queerly with the great rooms, the marble mantels and the remnants of ancient broken mahogany furniture. The basement, being on a level with the ground, was used chiefly as a stable for Mr. Scott's one old horse. Hidden beneath a pile of fodder in one corner, was a dusty

heap of empty old champagne bottles, all left to remind Huger of the days when Bacchus was often toasted by the gay old squires.

"Breakfars' is ready, Ma," said a timid voice at Huger's elbow, and he turned to speak to Suzie, a slim, pretty girl, who greeted him bashfully. The three insisted on his breakfasting with them, but he said that he could not stay longer, that his mother had got him to come by for a moment to ask Mr. Scott if he did not have some chickens to sell, for she was going to have company and needed some. Mr. Scott, never dreaming that the sole purpose of his trade was to help his pocket, replied that he had "quite a turn o' chickens an' guineas," and would bring them on the morrow or the day after.

The young man bade good-bye, and mounting his horse, started home.

* * * * *

The next afternoon about six o'clock, Huger was reading on his front piazza. The paper slipped through his fingers and fell to the floor. It had been a hot day for fall weather; "lazy John," as the negroes call it, was still dancing mystically on the horizon.

A voice at the side steps called wearily, "Whoa, Kit!" And the young man turned to see old Aaron alighting stiffly from a rickety, dusty buggy, which was drawn by an equally rickety old horse.

"Good evenin', Mr. Huger," he said. "Tell your ma I brought the chickens and guineas."

Huger called up Jim, a black little negro, from the

back hall, and sent him to tell Mrs. Huger, while he went out to chat with Aaron. Aaron told him he had "had a time;" he started hours ago, the buggy had broken just as he crossed the bridge at the mill, and for the longest time he could not find any one to help him mend it. "And, oh, Mr. Huger," he said, sadly, drawing his violin case from under the seat, "I have brought you this to keep for me. Somehow, Mander found out what I did yistiddy, and the Lord help me, sir, if I didn't find her last night a t'arin' an' cuttin' the strings out o' my violin. When she saw me lookin' at her, she sez she couldn't have me playin' that queer music no more, that it skyared her, and that Suzie was larnin' it, and now she couldn't git no work out o' neither on' us. She sez she allus did hate old Lion, anyhow."

A tear trickled down the old man's cheek as he sadly fingered the broken strings. "I guess I won't ever play no more. You keep it fur me, Mr. Huger; your father gev it to me in the good old days." And he touched old Lion's head tenderly.

Huger was singularly moved. It was a pathetic case; like two old friends being torn apart. Aaron and his violin were, indeed, well known in the community. Even strangers from the North, who came South in winter, frequently drove out to Rosehill to hear him play. And Aaron might have helped his scanty means by their donations, had he not been too proud to accept.

There was a gentle, feeble step on the piazza, and

Mrs. Huger came out to speak to Aaron. She saw the violin, with its broken strings, and observing the emotion in the old man's face, she understood the situation in a moment, and began to comfort him with sympathetic words.

She reminded her son that she had heard the wagon go to the field, and that the negroes must be ready to weigh the cotton. In a little while Huger was on his horse and out of the gate. Jim, accompanied by the two children, was bearing the squeaking, fluttering fowls to the coop in the far corner of the fowl-yard. Scott seated himself on the back piazza, and Mrs. Huger began to draw from him a recital of the trials of his poor old life.

Through the back gate he could catch a glimpse of the stables, the gin-house, and the negro quarters beyond. Some time later, Huger was seen cantering back up the road. A group of little half-clad darkies were basking in the sun and dust of the way. From a neighboring door, a dusky female, brandishing a broom, yelled shrilly, "Git up dah out de buckra way, yo' lil' black niggers you." And away they scampered, laughing and falling over each other, as Huger playfully popped his great whip at them. In a minute the cotton wagon swung around the corner with a clatter, the mules galloping at full tilt. The rack was piled high with crocus sheets, bulging with the fluffy white cotton. Perched here and hanging there on the top-most bundles, a few of the pickers were enjoying a ride.

In a little while they drew up before the gin-house platform, and through the trees Aaron could see them weighing the cotton, and hear them talking and laughing.

He sighed. "It seems so much like the old times. I wisht I could be helpin' the young master. It allus seems so queer for him to be doin' the work I used to do."

He hushed to listen to the distant song of the negroes as they returned from the field. Across the hill it had a sweet, melancholy cadence, which, somehow, harmonized strangely with the air of the autumn evening.

Aaron bowed his white head sadly. He was thinking of old Lion. He could see his fierce eyes looking mournfully at him.

* * * * *

It was a month later. The wind was whistling drearily through the broken panes of glass in the old house. It was cold and gloomy outside, as Huger walked up the dilapidated steps of Rosehill House.

The day before, he had received a brief, misspelt little note from Suzie, which said that her grand-father would not be much longer with them, and that he so longed for the violin; that she had said nothing about it to any one, but couldn't he have it mended and bring it to her grand-father before he died?

Huger took the case from under his arm and placed it on the piazza floor, then he knocked softly, and opened the door without waiting for any one.

In the room at his right, Aaron lay on his death-bed.

Mander sat stonily by his side, while Suzie, opposite, was rubbing his hot hands. She jumped up hastily on seeing the young man, then, disappointed, resumed her seat without a word. Mander rose to get him a chair, and the old man turned his face slowly toward the newcomer. Its expression was infinitely sad, but his eye, always keen, was now brilliant. An inexpressible longing, a silent prayer, shone in its wonderful depths. Huger understood, and from the piazza he quickly brought the violin. Aaron snatched it from his hands and hugged it to his breast with downcast head. The quivering hands grew tense. Drawing his weak form together, he sat bolt upright among the pillows and passed the bow lovingly across the strings. The room was suddenly flooded with a burst of melodies wildly, fantastically incomprehensible. Huger was transfixed. Old Mander bowed her head on the coverlet and began to cry bitterly, remorsefully. Suzie, spell-bound, watched with quivering lips and dilated eyes.

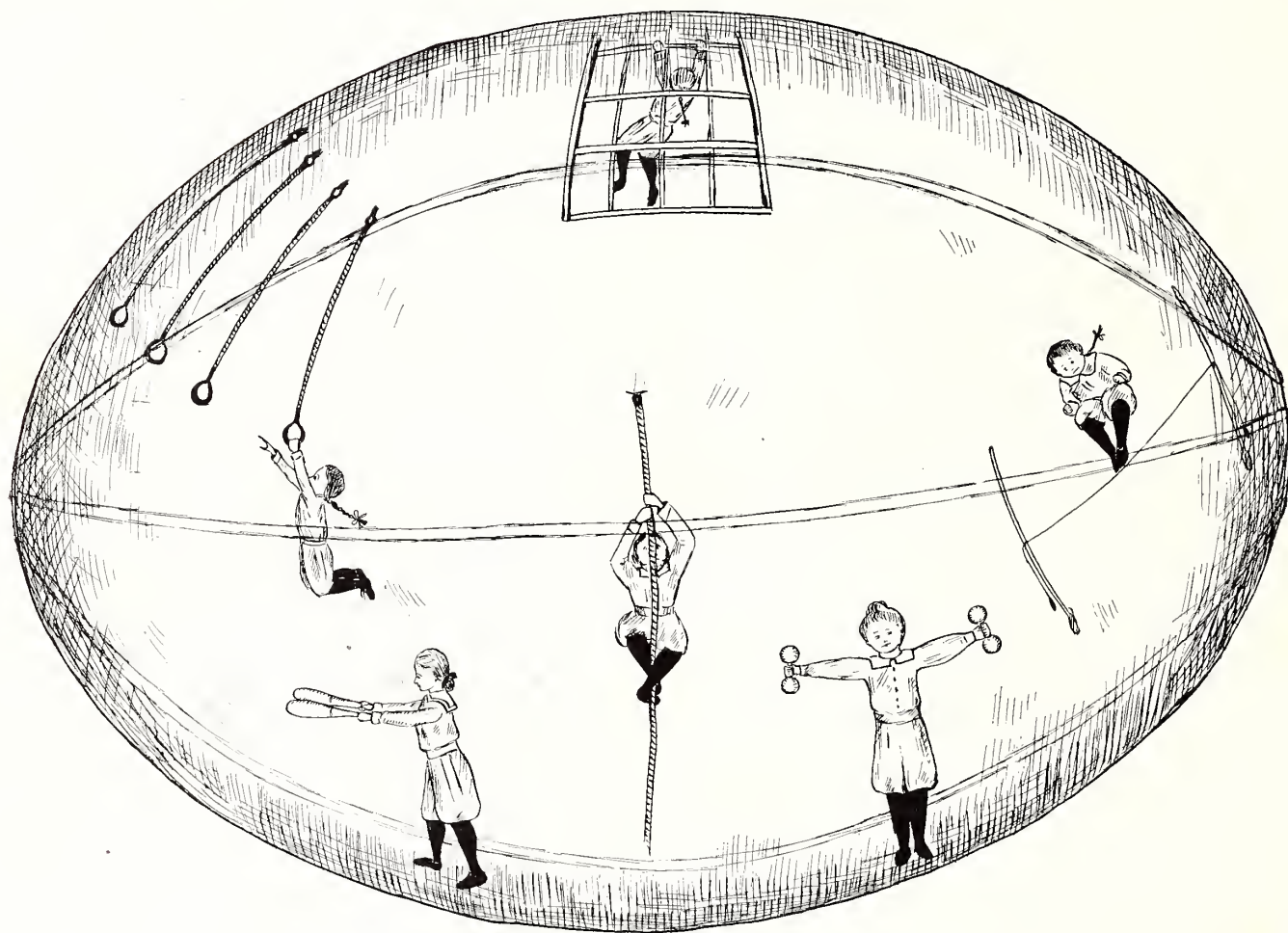
The music stopped and Aaron sank back motionless. The instrument clattered to the floor. Suzie bent tenderly over him, but he no longer breathed.

Presently she picked up the violin from the floor, and drawing it under her chin, began a soft, soothing air. Her grand-mother's hysterical weeping grew more peaceful. "Oh, Susie," she said, "it's somehow sweet after all!"

Huger's eyes were riveted on the picture. He recovered himself and walked slowly out into the hall.

Old Lion had brought peace after all.

NELLIE LEE BOYKIN.



ATHLETICS

STATISTICS

May Zeigler was unanimously declared the most original girl in College.

For the hardest student, Annie Wilds led, with Alice Mackey close second.

The highest vote for the best writer was received by Nellie Boykin, with Carrie Reaves second.

Janie Lide received all the votes for the smartest girl in school.

By far the wittiest girl in school is May Zeigler.

With twenty in the race, Willie Southard at last received the highest number of votes for the most sarcastic girl.

Katie Lide was selected as the prettiest girl.

Eugenia Folk, the most humble girl.

Lizzie Cochran sailed in without a rival as the laziest girl.

The girl with the best memory, Henrietta Welsh.

Helen Stewart was unanimously elected the most talented.

Ella McDaniel was chosen the best vocalist and best pianist.

The best read girl, Katherine Fogarty.

Marion Means and Mamie Barton are the most persevering girls.

The best dancers, Lulie Bamberg and Clio Cope.

Mary Nance ran in as the greatest complainer.

The contest for the most stylish and the most graceful girl was won by the same person, Jane Thomas.

The race for the most self-possessed was close, but Mattie Leach led, with Olive Newton, Eva Neal and Janie Lide close behind.

Eva Neal has the most curiosity.

Mary Vidal, the most eccentric girl.

The quietest girl, Rosa Chewning, with Saidie Cunningham second.

There were four candidates in the race for the greatest flirt. After an exciting contest, Mattie Leach won, with Bessie Smith, Hallie Rollins and Leora Douthit close behind.

William Southard won the highest number of votes for the most sensible girl, with Nellie Boykin second.

Ella McDaniel is the most popular girl.

Pauline White is the most sincere girl.

Rose Moore led for the jolliest girl.

For the best girl, Rachel McMaster was elected, Julia Ervin coming in second.

The sweetest girl, Jane Thomas, with Laurie Harrall second.

The vote was close for the deepest girl; but Nellie Boykin won, with Janie Lide second.

Carrie Reaves, most unselfish.

Janie Lide was declared the most broad-minded, Mattie Leach coming second.

The most undignified, Meta Jones, second Carrie Cain.

The handsomest girl, Elise Bamberg.

After a close race, Rachel McMaster won for the most earnest girl.

Ida Verdier led the race for the *cutest* girl, with Jane Thomas second.

The biggest babies were chosen in the following order: Annie Keels, Henrietta Welsh, and Ada Salley.

The most business-like, Olive Newton.

Annie Chaffin and Mabel Crosswell received the highest number of votes for the neatest girl.

The old maid of the College, Mary Vidal.

Mary Reaves, the most artistic.

The most influential girl, Ansie Holman.

There was a tie for the most interesting girl between Carrie Reaves and Douglass Graybill, with Grace Carson close behind.

Ella McDaniel was declared the most independent girl.

The biggest rusher, Eva Walker.

The most dignified girl, Ada Trantham.





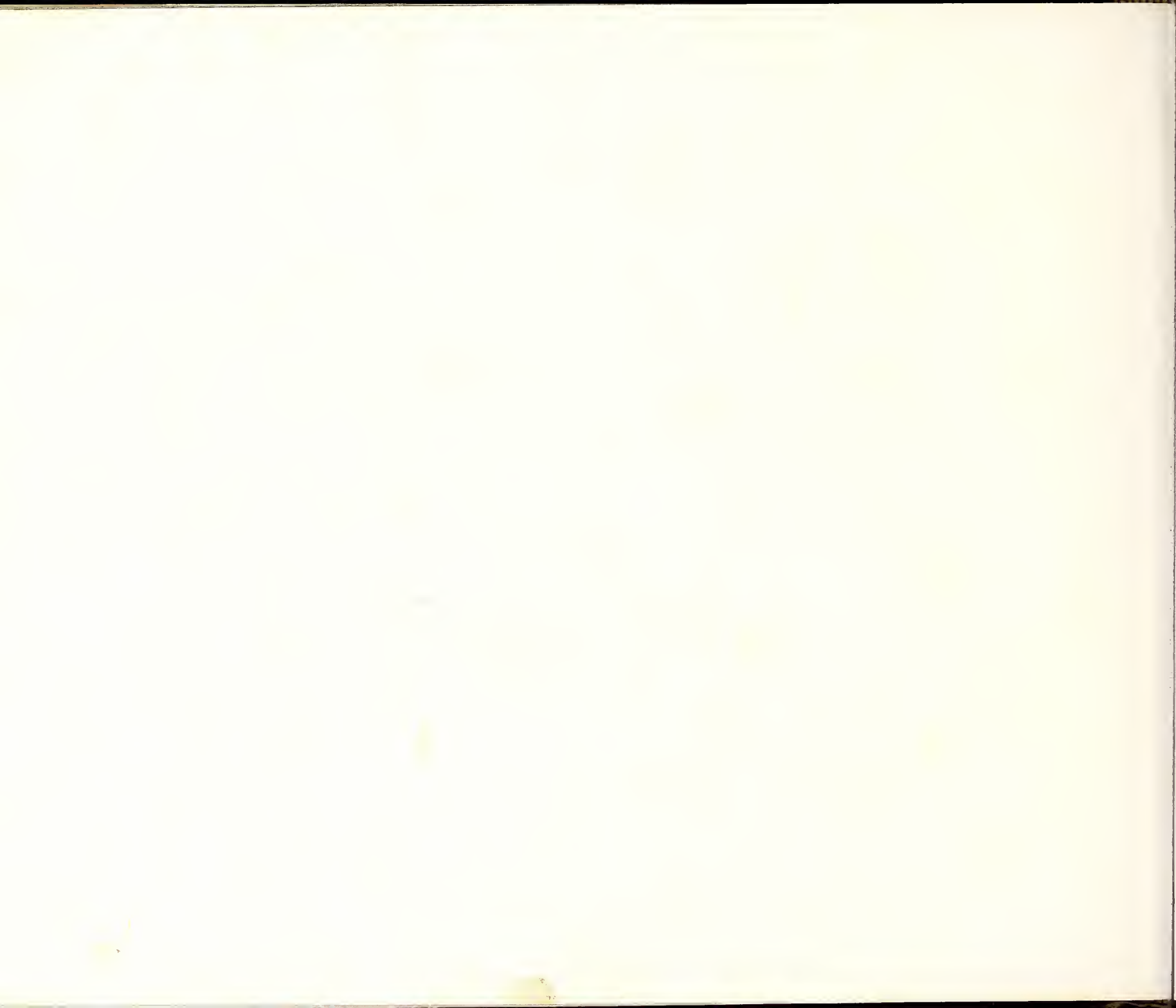
COLLEGE PARLOR



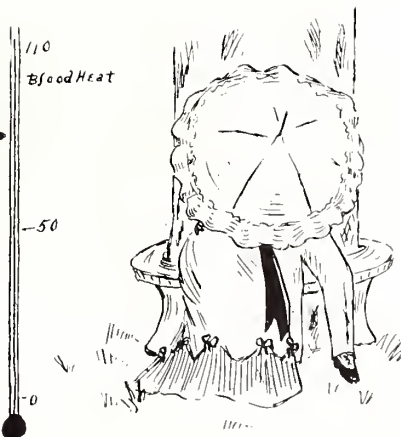
DORMITORY ROOM



INFIRMARY OFFICE



Thermometry



Development of State Education in South Carolina

AT the beginning of this new century, as we see so many well organized schools and colleges over our State, we can hardly realize that there was a time when none of these existed.

But our State from the very earliest period has always taken a deep interest in education and done much to promote it.

As far back as the year 1710, the Assembly passed an act for founding a free school at Charleston. After that, yearly appropriations were made for the purpose of extending these schools through the State; but for lack of efficient management the plan did not prove successful.

Governor Francis Nicholson did much to encourage learning in the colony during his administration.

In the year 1801, the Legislature, acting on the recommendation of Governor Drayton, passed an act establishing the South Carolina College, which was opened in 1805. This college helped much in the unification of the State, and many of South Carolina's noblest citizens were educated there. During the War of Secession, the college was closed and the buildings used as a hospital.

It was immediately reorganized at the close of the war, but in 1868, negroes were admitted to the college, so it was for some time abandoned by the whites. Since the year 1880, it has been doing a great work in educating the young men of South Carolina for their duties in the State.

By an act of 1888, the college was changed into a university.

No special attention was paid to the free schools until 1811, when an act was passed establishing them in each district and parish.

In a few years the appropriation to these schools was doubled; but, for many reasons, these efforts bore little fruit.

Many of the teachers were incompetent, the supervision in most cases was poor, and the people did not then feel the need of such schools, as there were many private institutions in the State.

In 1842, an act was passed establishing two military schools, the Arsenal in Columbia, and the Citadel in Charleston.

The object of these schools was to give young men a

practical and military education, and many were here prepared for active service in the army.

After the close of the war the Arsenal was abolished, but in 1882 the Citadel was reopened and has continued its work ever since.

All the schools, public and private, were closed while the war was going on, but in the year 1867 there was a general reopening of them.

In 1868, the new State Constitution organized a system of public schools under the supervision of a State Superintendent of Education, and subordinate officers in each county.

There were three sources of revenue; the legislative appropriation, a poll tax of one dollar on all able-bodied male citizens within certain ages, and a voluntary local taxation.

An amendment to the Constitution in 1876 provided for the levying of not less than two mills annually on the dollar for public schools. In the year 1886, more money was devoted to education than to any other department of State government, and people were more aroused on the subject of education than ever before.

It was in this same year that the Winthrop Training School was opened in Columbia for the purpose of training teachers for their work in the public schools. The only earlier effort that had been made in this line was the establishment by the State of summer normal institutes two years before.

In 1891, by an act of the Legislature, the Winthrop

Training School was merged into the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College of South Carolina, which was established in that year as a branch of the South Carolina University.

The establishment of this college was an effort on the part of the State to give a practical education to her daughters.

The school was located in Rock Hill and opened in 1895.

In 1888, the old Calhoun homestead and \$80,000 were left to the State for the purpose of establishing an agricultural and mechanical college, the need of which had long been felt.

The college was opened in 1893, under the name of Clemson Agricultural College.

From the report of the Superintendent of Education for the year 1888-'89, we learn that the public schools were steadily gaining ground, and that a system of graded schools was being gradually adopted.

In 1890, Claflin University, in Orangeburg, established for the education of the colored race, was made a branch of the South Carolina University.

From the last report of the Superintendent of Education, we learn that the present outlook is bright, and that there has been a great awakening and improvement in educational matters.

The present public school system has had a long growth, and progress has been slow, but deep foundations have been laid on which the work of the coming century will be based.

Bowling Alley



Long Pinner

In Jocund Strain

A Junior's Farewell to Hinsdale

Fare thee well, for I did hate thee,
Hate thee more than tongue can tell,
Little did I hope you'd leave me,
That you'd ever say farewell!

Contribution

Double, double toil and trouble,
Teachers boil and students bubble.

The Night-Hawk

Once upon a midnight dreary, while we studied, worn and
weary,
Over many a hard and tedious volume of Collegiate lore;
While some nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping.
As of some one loudly rapping—rapping at the chamber door.
“’Tis old Night-hawk,” some one muttered, “rapping at the
chamber door:
Surely this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly we remember, it was in the bleak December,
And the forms of weary students wrought their ghosts upon
the floor;
Trembling thought we of the morrow: vainly we had sought
to borrow
From our books some grain of knowledge, till our minds
were worn and sore,
And we knew we'd fail to-morrow, and our hearts ached to
the core,
For we'd pass—ah, nevermore!

And the rapping and the calling of the Night-hawk at the
door,
Thrilled us—filled us—with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of our hearts, I stood
repeating,
“’Tis the Night-hawk here entreating entrance at the chamber
door;
Get you in the wardrobe, quick, girls!” Open wide I flung
the door:
Night-hawk there, and nothing more!

Then the Night-hawk, standing lonely in that open door,
spoke only
This one thought, as if her soul in this one thought she did
outpour,
Nothing further did she utter, not a finger did she flutter,
Till she loudly then did utter, "Other girls are here galore;
On the morrow I will tell her, tell the matron of this door,
Turn that light on nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, hag or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting;
"Get thee back into the hallway, and go look for many more!
Leave no traces, not a token, of that word thy lips have
spoken!
Leave my studies all unbroken—take thy form from out my
door!"

Quoth the Night-hawk, "Nevermore!"

And that Night-hawk, all commanding, still is standing, still is
standing,
In my weary, burning mind's eye, just within that chamber
door;
And her eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that are
gleaming,
And the bright light o'er her streaming throws her shadow
on the floor;
And her words from out my hearing, that are ringing ever-
more,
Shall be gone—ah, nevermore!

We Winthrop Girls

Now listen and I'll tell to you
Of Winthrop's girls who wear the blue,
 And of their uniform.
It is the same from year to year,
A blue serge suit we have to wear,
 And to each rule conform.

'Tis true, our jacket style was worn
By nations long since dead and gone,
 And free from doubts and fears.
But every thousand years, 'tis said,
Brings back the style of peoples dead
 For many, many years.

Our shoes are also up to date,
They must be high—and soon or late
 We're wearing plain black hose;
Upon each Winthrop student's hand
You'll find a glove of brightest tan,
 No matter where she goes.

Upon our head a hat of felt,
Around our waist a plain black belt
 We wear from day to day;
Our shirt-waists have a white back-ground,
With small black figures grouped around,
 In most becoming way.

Around our neck a collar high,
And over this a black bow tie
 We wear day in, day out;
But there is yet one pleasant thought:
A uniform to Winthrop brought
 Has never yet worn out.

No matter if it's day or night,
No matter if it's dark or bright,
 We always look the same ;
And if within the people's sight
Our costumes are not thought quite right,
 I'm sure we're not to blame.

For when we first do enter here
These words at once we all do hear :
 "Ye must be clothed in blue.
All rules must promptly be obeyed,
Nor ever one shall be gainsaid,
 Or else woe be to you."

So, as there's nothing else to do,
Each girl soon gets a suit of blue
 And wears it soon or late ;
And should you see us any day,
I feel quite sure that you would say
 We're "strictly up to date."

L. M. C.



La Poema Espanola

En un cuarto apartado
En el día mas ocupado
En la escuela mas famada,
Tres sabios ponderaron.

Con razon las tres cabezas
Meditaron y pensaron
Porque niñas literadas
Habian escrito el "Charlador."

El "Charlador" es un amigo
De todos que lo lean,
Y siempre dice la verdad
No hace quienes sean.

Mas estos hombres ilustrados
Tenian que averlo
Antes que el editor
Tenia derecho de venderlo.

Por supuesto todo era
Muy sencillo y inteligente
A estos hombres instruidos
De esta escuela tan elegante.

Y poemas muy bonitas
Estos hombres descartaron
Porque tonterias eran
Las tres asi pensaron.

Mas una vez cuando todos tres
Estaban contemplando:—
“Pues que sera, no es Ingles
Esta cosa tan curiosa?”

La poema Española
Aunque ni podian leer lo
Triunfo indignamente
Sobre tres gran sabios!



Das Examen

PERSONEN

Das Vornehmste, FRÄULEIN KOHLE.

SCHÜLERIN

FRÄULEINEN THOMAS, SPRUNT, KREUZWOHL, McMEISTER,
WELSCH, WEISS, MONTGOMERY, BURSCHVERWAUDSCHAFT.

Schülerinnen

ERSTER AUFZUG

*Studierzimmer zu Felshügel, in der Schule, im ersten Stock.
In der Nacht um zwei Uhr; keine Licht irgendwo; alles ist
dunkel, das Zimmer ausgenommen.*

Fräulein Weiss, McMeister, Thomas, Montgomery.

Fräulein Weiss (*zu Fräulein McMeister, ihre Haare reis-*
send): Ich kann es niemals lernen!

Fräulein Thomas (*das deutsche Buch zu Boden werfend*):
Morgen werde ich nicht durchkommen. (*Sie weint bitter-*
lich.)

Fräulein Montgomery (*faul, für sich*). Ich bin so schlä-
frig. (*Sie lässt sich auf den Kopfkissen ruhen, und schläft*
fest und mit Anmut.)

ZWEITER AUFZUG

Am folgenden Morgen.

*Vor der Thür des Klasszimmers. Vorige und die Fräulein
Kreuzwohl, Welsch, Burschverwandschaft, Sprunt.*

Fräulein Montgomery: Es jammert mich dass ich vorige nacht nicht studiert habe!

Fräulein Kreutzwohl: Ich fürchte mich!

ES KLINGELT

Fräulein Kohle (*von innen*) Kinder, kommen Sie hinein!

DRITTER AUFZUG

Vorige und Fräulein Kohle.

Diese Schreibt an der Tafel. Die Kinder zittern.

VIERTER AUFZUG

Ausserhalb der Thür.

Fräulein Welsch: Ach es freut mich. *Es war* Sehr leicht! gar nicht! Gieb mir mein deutsches Buch. Ich will sehen ob ich nicht recht gehabt habe.

Fräulein Burschverwandschaft: Vergleichen wir unsere Antworten. Heinrich! (*Sie öffnet das Buch*) Ach, nun habe ich mich verwirt! In diesem Punkt, habe ich unrecht gehabt!

Fräulein Welsch: Jawohl! Hier habe ich auch verfehlt!

Fräulein Sprunt: Und ich auch! (*Sie weint.*)

Fräulein Thomas: Ich habe *alles* unrecht, Nell, Nell!

Was Soll ich thun?—*Alle weinen und heulen—*

Der Vorhang fällt.

(H. W. und N. L. B.)

First of November we'll repair
In trainam to the fair;
Ubi pater et mater cunt,
Soror et frater non absunt;
Clemson *pueri* there will be,
Omnes amantes we shall see.
Oh, D. B.! if you *sed* knew
How my heart *amabit* you,
Tum a week instead of a day
At the fair you'd let me stay!
Such things *veniunt sed unum* a year,
Et volo meum share.

Come live at Winthrop and be its scholar,
And you will all the hardships follow.
That Latin, Science, French, and Math.
And every long and hard course hath.

Wonderful Things

There's a wonderful room in a College called Winthrop,
Where the Juniors go three times a week,
And wonderful things these Juniors learn
When they go there for knowledge to seek.

This wonderful room is on the fifth floor,
And is reached by a winding stair;
And 'tis said that the wonderful things in this room
Fill the hearts of the Juniors with fear.

In this wonderful room, there are hundreds of bottles
And tubes, all made out of glass,
And aprons of homespun, all hung in a row,
That belong to the Junior Class.

There's a wonderful man in this wonderful room,
And wonderful things he does teach,
Of atoms and molecules, liquids and gas,
And what are the powers of each.

This wonderful room and this wonderful man,
And these wonderful bottles of glass,
Will make of the Juniors, 'tis quite safe to say,
A wonderful Senior Class.

Reflections of a Bachelor

I had a little pony,

His name was Cicero ;

I lent him to a school-girl

Just for a week or so.

She used him and abused him

In examination mire,

I wouldn't lend my pony again

For all the school-girl's hire.

Miss Cooper, crying excitedly in laboratory: "Doctor, I—I—I've—swallowed some hydrochloric acid!"

Dr. Abbe, tranquilly: "Oh, don't be alarmed, Miss Cooper; try the litmus test."

Teacher: "Miss Glasscox, define 'flinch' and use it in a sentence."

Miss Glasscox: "Flinch, to shrink. Our clothes flinch when they are washed in the laundry!"

Mrs. O'Bryan to Miss Leach, several days before Christmas: "Mattie, see if the girls at your table are not willing to give a cent apiece for a present for the servants."

One of the girls, indignantly: "Well, I'd like to know who's got time to work a *centerpiece* for anybody!"

Mrs. O'Bryan to Crazy Mary: "Mary, go down town and see if the butcher has pigs' feet."

Mary, on returning: "Mis' O'Bryan, I—I—couldn't see—'cause the butcher had his shoes on."

A Clemson cadet, at the State Fair, asked Miss Elise Browne how high Winthrop's curriculum is.

Miss Browne replied: "I don't know exactly, but I think it's about 120 feet high."

At the dinner table one day, Miss Leach asked Miss Grace Carson what "Eminent Domain" is.

Miss Carson responded that she hadn't studied Sophomore science and dissected frogs, so could not tell.

Miss Essie Davis, passing the new dormitory: "What are you pouring water on those bricks for?"

"To wet 'em, mum."

Miss Anne Porcher, describing one of her best friends: "She is just the same size in the waist as Venus of Milo, and her neck has that very curve, and her arms are just the *same length*!"

Miss McMaster to Miss Wilds: "Oh, Annie! isn't the metre of 'Ulalume' *antiseptic* tetrameter?"

The new teacher: "Will Miss Nickel please recite?"

No answer.

"Is Miss Nickel present?"

Still no answer.

Teacher, looking over roll: "I mean Miss Penny."

QUI VIVE.

FOR the original and artistic sketches appearing on these pages the editors of "The Tatler" are deeply indebted to the following artists:

MISS HELEN STEWART
MISS MARY A. REAVES
MISS SAIDIE E. REYNOLDS
MISS BEULAH BARRON
MISS CHRISTINE SOUTH

We desire to take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation of their work.

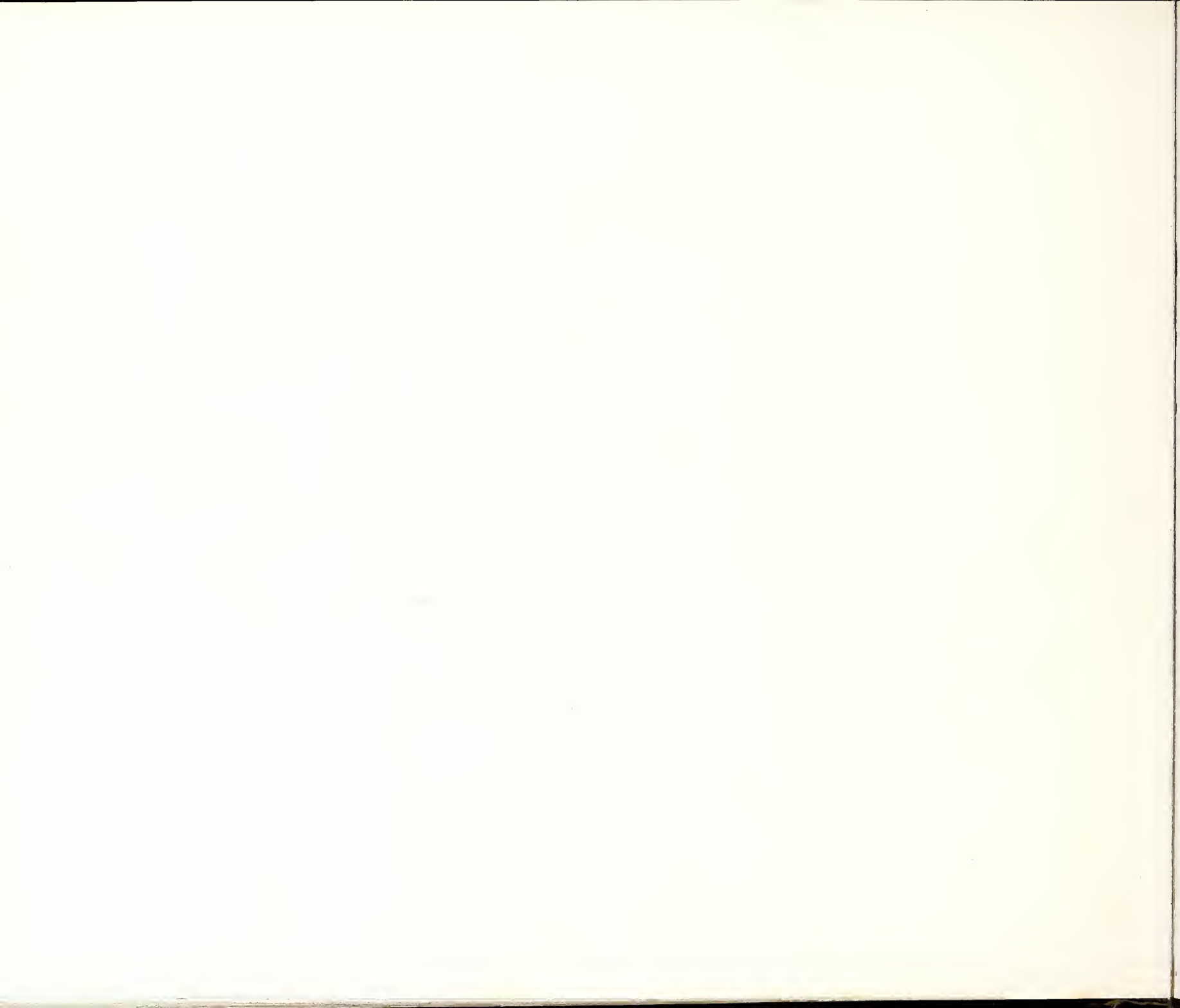
A Sonnet

A foolish fledgeling fancy-feared a fall.
Forced forth at first, she now is fain to fly,
And pants to breathe the pure air of the sky.
What though she ne'er may reach the summits tall
That some attain, Distrust shall not appall
Her energies. Hope will new strength apply,
And Faith will not allow this strength to die
Or be withdrawn until Success withal
Shall crown her efforts. None, indeed, have flown
Who knew before they tried that they could fly;
There'd be no room for faith if *things were known*,
There'd be not much incentive here to try—
'Twould be as if we had been born full grown,
With naught to do here but to live and die.



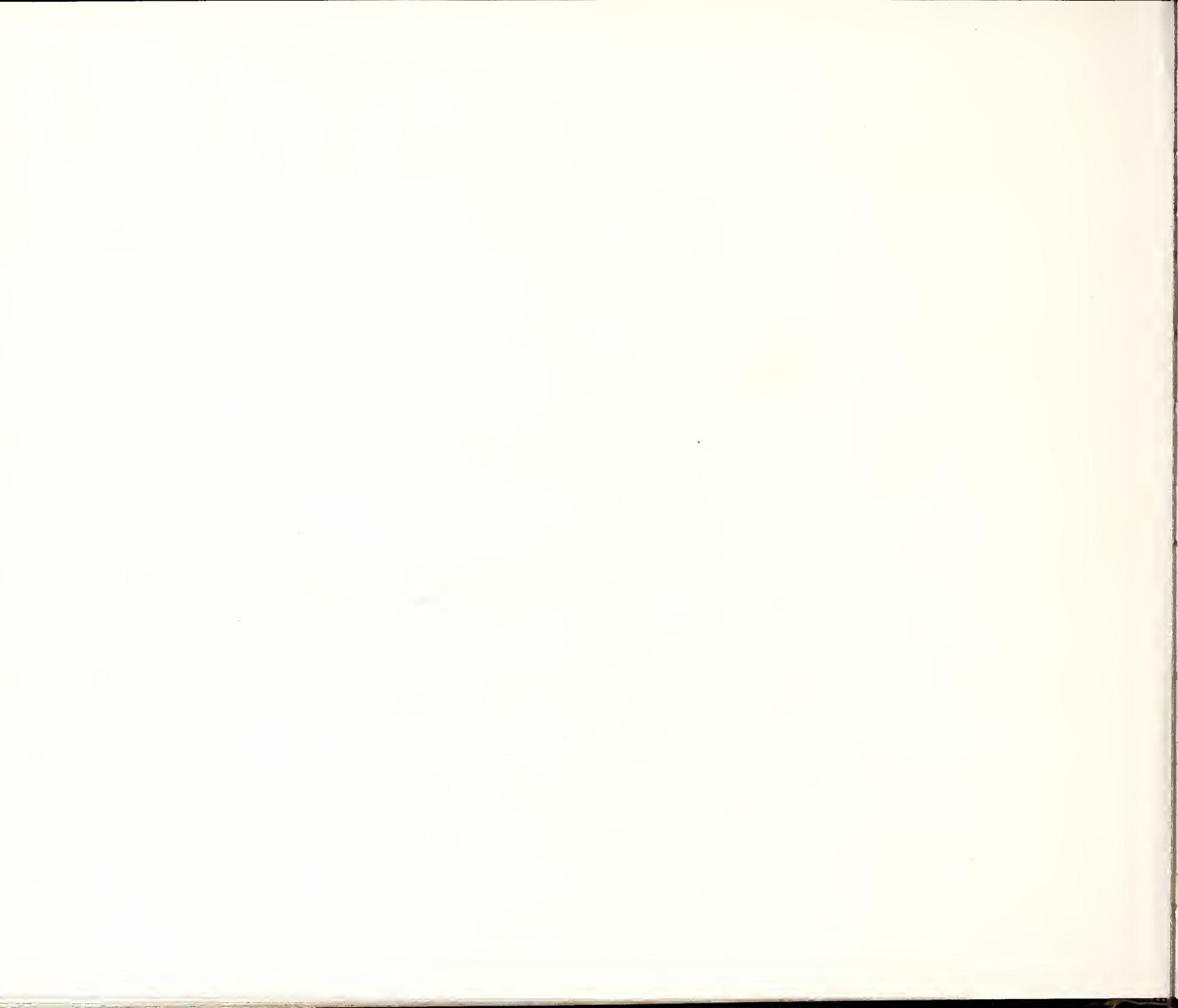


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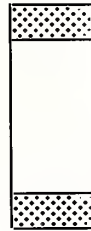
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